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INTRODUCTORY.

NEW THINGS AND OLD IN THE HOUSEHOLDER'S TREASURE.

"The Universe is change; our life is what our thoughts make it."

—MARCUS AURELIUS.

IN the swift passing of the old and the eager forwardness of the new, there come moments to all of us in these days of action when the pressure of the contrary currents against our lives gives us a sense of peril, a momentary panic at finding ourselves caught midway in the rush of such rapid changes from the traditions of the past to the realities of the present. By some strange ordering of Providence in the lives of this generation we have been born into a time when the footholds bequeathed from the past have been snatched from before our feet to make room for a new order of things, far more precarious in its untried newness than even the worn-out footholds we have been deprived of.

The speed of construction and of manufacture which is the order of the day in the material world, seems active also in the operations of the world of thought. Hasty conclusions, revolutionary propositions, startling conceptions in regard to everything of vital importance to the soul here and hereafter, follow so fast upon one another that their very eagerness to supplant the old with the new idea often defeats the Providential mission of the latter to a world which is waiting for its message. These changes are too rapid for the slow growth of solid conviction. We are not given time to prove things ourselves, to make a test of them in our own lives. This is done for us in the laboratories of science, with infinite pains and unlimited resources. The incontrovertible

facts of science seem to lie in ambush all about us. We live along the best routine of life we can make for ourselves amid these revolutionary changes; and all the time there are busy processes at work and active investigations on foot in the field of science threatening to break out upon us at any moment with some new and disturbing discovery that may wreck the whole frame of thought upon which our lives have been lived and planned and all our hopes projected.

Science is too well equipped with the bounties of time and resources for us to be overbold in challenging the results of its researches. We hopefully conjecture there may be ways and means of disproving much that modern research throws up out of the caverns of the past. But we feel it is a case for the specialist; it calls for as good an equipment in time and training to disprove these deductions of science as was used in building up the hypothesis. The specialist, too, can approach these mysteries without the fear and trembling that would palsy our own efforts. He has nothing at stake behind the veil his irreverent hand would not hesitate to lift. He would probably see nothing if he did lift it; while we might feel our spirits shaken to their foundations by the significance of his revelations to our personal lives. The difference between the approach of the specialist to the world of mystery, and the approach of the man of faith, is too great to be ever spanned by a common point of view. They may both start from the same basis, and travel along the same path in their researches, but the view of one is focused upon a single point,—the vacant place in his chain of evidence; the eyes of the other are scanning heaven and earth for greater signs and portents of these unrevealed mysteries than can fit under the circle of the microscope. One is thinking; the other is only calculating, and classifying thoughts. This, to quote one who tried to both reverently think and boldly classify at the same time, is "the narrowing, one had almost said the blighting, effect of specialism. . . . The men who in field and laboratory are working out the facts do not speculate at all. Content with slowly building up the sum of actual knowledge in some neglected and restricted province, they are too absorbed to notice even what the workers in other provinces are about. Thus it happens that while there are many

scientific men, there are few scientific thinkers. The complaint is often made that science speculates too much. It is quite the other way. One has only to read the average book of science in almost any department to wonder at the wealth of knowledge, the brilliancy of observation, and the barrenness of the idea. On the other hand, though scientific experts will not think themselves, there is always a multitude of onlookers ready to do it for them. Among these what strikes one is the ignorance of fact and the audacity of the idea. The moment any great half-truth in nature is unearthed, these unqualified practitioners leap to a generalization; and the observers meantime, on the track of the other half, are too busy or too oblivious to refute their heresies. Hence, long after the foundations are undermined, a brilliant generalization will retain its hold upon the popular mind; and before the complementary, the qualifying, or the neutralizing facts can be supplied, the mischief is done."¹

It is not science but the popularizing of science that does the mischief.² To popularize anything a large measure of what will appeal to the lower elements in man's nature must be used in order to bring a speedy response from him. It is slow work convincing his intellect, and so the appeal is usually made to his emotional nature first. If the new idea had no other attraction than its newness, this would be sufficient to win a welcome for it from the multitude, always athirst for novelty, and restless to ease the strictures of life's daily routine of duty by upsetting the laws on which that duty rests.

It is neither disbelief in the old nor distrust in the new that disturbs us so much, however, as the lack of time and opportunity to properly examine the claims of both. The effort to keep up with the present without being untrue to the past is what is to-day test-

¹ *Ascent of Man. The Missing Factor in Current Theories.*

² "Thousands of innocent magazine readers lie paralyzed and terrified in the network of shallow negations which leaders of opinion have thrown over their souls. All they need to be free and hearty again in the exercise of their birthright (to believe) is that these fastidious vetoes should be swept away. All that the human heart wants is its chance. It will willingly forego certainty in universal matters, if only it can be allowed to feel that in them it has that same inalienable right to run risks, which no one dreams of refusing to it in the pettiest practical affairs."—*The Will to Believe. The Sentiment of Rationality*, by Professor William James.

ing the mettle of men's souls. The ingenuous and unthinking multitude, who have no conscious policies to uphold, frankly disclaim the old at the point where the new steps in and offers better values for the investment of effort; be that effort the labor of hands or the struggle of conscience. It is here that the real harm is done: the mission of the new perverted and the best influences of the old destroyed; for here is where the opportunist, that charlatan of the ages, the betrayer of the past and the deceiver of the present, works his way with the multitude and leads it neither forward nor back, but into the mazes of his own schemes, of whose purposes and policies he alone holds the secret. He catches the attention of the crowd by the old trick of crying "new lamps for old." The secret of his success is his alertness in using the passing moments as currents on which to float these new theories and untried beliefs out onto the wide open sea of public opinion; and then to advertise his "panacea" for all the ills that come from the mischief they cause among the multitude.

Whilst the worst method, morally speaking, of dealing with the conflict between the past and the present is that of the mere opportunist's, who is concerned only with the advantages afforded to his own schemes by new conditions, the unwisest methods are too often found among those who are the most sincere and the most unselfish in their concern about these questions. Policies of the past, with their application only to the conditions of the past, are poor weapons with which to meet the exigencies of the present. The limitations of knowledge that belonged to a period when the means of human communication did not include the swift agencies of information employed in our present era, were limitations that may have proved the salvation of many, besides being the safeguard of most of the human race. But—whether for our ultimate good or ill—it is no longer within our power to safeguard the unlearned and unstable by so simple a means as keeping them in ignorance of that which it is dangerous for them to know. The scientist is abroad, and the newspaper is his ally. The only heresy in the creed of either is the policy of caution or expediency.

The ethics of modern advertising indeed remind us of that saying in Ecclesiastes: The race is not to the swift, nor the battle

to the strong, nor bread to the wise, nor riches to the learned, nor favor to the skilful ; but time and chance in all.³ It is the timeliness of a thing and the opportunity of presenting it that to-day win success ; and the modern newspaper exactly meets this situation. Popularity, not perfection, is its criterion of all values ; and the multitude has been wonderfully apt in learning this false code of ethics. Its theory is : that is good which is popular, which the people most demand ; and that is better which is more popular. "Success brings success."

It is a terrible parody of the voice crying in the wilderness, this shrieking optimism of our time, with its false promises of making the crooked ways straight and the rough ways plain. The Pharisee, as well as the charlatan, of the ages is the advertiser ; and the interests of Christianity are in a bad way when the most successful method of promoting those interests is found in appeals that captivate the mood of the moment for new things, new aspects of life in its relations to the present duty and the future hope. Popularity can never be a strictly Christian portent of the rise of a new dispensation of truth. It is too contrary to Christianity's precedent for testing the genuineness of its prophets, from the solitary Baptist to the silent and forsaken victim of Calvary. *He shall not strive or cry out ; neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets.*⁴ This fever for the new seems to feed on noise and strife, seems to prosper most where discontent and loud-voiced ambition break up life's peace. The success of its mission depends not upon the permanency of the convictions it may be able to plant in the minds of its followers, but upon the number of followers its vainglorious ambition can boast of as showing the immediate results of its teachings.⁵

³ Eccles. 9 : 11.

⁴ Isaias 42 : 2.

⁵ "The exclusiveness of Christianity, separation from the world, uncompromising allegiance to the Kingdom of God, entire surrender of body, soul, and spirit to Christ,—these are truths which rise into prominence from time to time, become the watch-words of insignificant parties, rouse the church to attention and the world to opposition, and die down ultimately for want of lives to live them. The few enthusiasts who distinguish in these requirements the essential conditions of entrance into the Kingdom of Christ are overpowered by the weight of numbers, who see nothing more in Christianity than a mild religiousness, and who demand nothing more in themselves or in their fellow-Christians than the participation in a conventional worship, the acceptance of traditional beliefs, and the living of an honest life . . . The

Natural law itself seems to regulate the growth of the superior and the genuine by deliberateness of manner and secrecy of method, in contradistinction to the rapid and ostentatious development of the spurious and inferior. "There is an ascending scale of slowness as we rise in the scale of life. Growth is most gradual in the highest forms. Man attains his maturity after a score of years; the monad completes its humble cycle in a day. What wonder if development be tardy in the creature of eternity? A Christian's sun is sometimes set, and a critical world has as yet seen no corn in the ear. As yet? 'As yet,' in this long life, has not begun. Grant him the years proportionate to his place in the scale of life. 'The time of harvest is not yet.' Again in addition to being slow, the phenomena of growth are secret. Life is invisible . . . *Thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth.* When the plant lives whence has the life come? When it dies whither has it gone? *Thou canst not tell . . . so is every one that is born of the Spirit. For the Kingdom of God cometh without observation.*"⁶

While the delusion of our age seems to be a renewed worship of the golden calf in the form of "the great god Success," it is plain to those who are watching for the messages that come from the heights rather than from the depths of human life, that this generation has shown strange and unusual symptoms of a reaction against materialism in religion that must predicate a favorable condition for great spiritual development at some no distant day. It is true the wild orgy of the idolatrous worship of material good goes on down in the low valleys where human nature herds and struggles and sins, while its spiritual leaders keep their gaze fixed upon the mountain top. But the place to look for hope and deliverance is only to those heights where human aspiration and holiness have touched the highest point in their upreaching for the unseen

surrender Christ demanded was absolute . . . The failure to regard the exclusive claims of Christ as more than accidental, rhetorical, or ideal; the failure to discern the essential difference between His Kingdom and all other systems based on the lines of natural religion . . . in a word, the general neglect of the claims of Christ as the Founder of a new and higher Kingdom,—these have taken the very heart from the religion of Christ, and left its evangel without power to impress or bless the world."—*Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, p. 355.

⁶ *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, p. 83.

God. And from these heights come messages to this generation that promise more than it as yet dreams of in its sordid ignorance of true values; food for the spirit that its gross appetite is not yet prepared for.

Fantastic and offensive may be some of the latter-day forms of spiritualistic religions, from Mrs. Eddy's exasperating scheme of contradictions to the refinements of the latest school of psychic culture; but even this "bungling prophetess" with the bloodless and irrational school of spiritual teachers and disciples who follow in her wake, are forecasting a time when soul instead of sense shall be commonly recognized as the higher and more legitimate medium of communication with the supernatural. Their denial of the testimony of the senses, with the contradictions they offer to human nature's way of proving the Unseen, is playing no small part in preparing the common mind for a conception of truth which will not "demand a sign" for proof, with that arrogant incredulity of old which would test all truth and good from above by miracle,—that unwilling resource of Omnipotence in winning the testimony of the senses to the spirit.

While these strange developments in the religious world seem to be signs of at least a stronger growth of the spiritual faculties of the race—however malformed and erratic some of these growths may appear at present—evolution itself is bringing forward some remarkable testimony to prove the theory that man, having reached the summit in the scale of his physical development; having furthermore discovered forces in nature that will do his work for him in whatever direction and to whatever extent he may wish to carry the element of purely physical force, and making further exertion on his part foolish and unnecessary, there is now no future for that irrepressible impulse in man's nature for the great Beyond except in the direction of the spiritual world. "Silently, as all great changes come, Mental Evolution has succeeded Organic. All the things that have been now lie in the far background as forgotten properties. And man stands alone in the foreground, and a new thing, Spirit, strives within him. . . . What strikes one most in running the eye up this graduated ascent is that the movement is in the direction of what one can only call spirituality . . . we have passed from the motive

of fear, to the motive of sympathy; from the icy physical barriers of space, to a nearness closer than breathing; from the torturing slowness of time to time's obliteration. If Evolution reveals anything, if Science itself proves anything, it is that Man is a spiritual being and that the direction of his long career is toward an ever larger, richer, and more exalted life. . . . This gradual perfecting of instruments, and, as each arrives, the further revelation of what lies behind in Nature, this gradual refining of mind, this increasing triumph over matter, this deeper knowledge, this efflorescence of the soul, are facts which even Science must reckon with."⁷ From research along the lines of purely physical phenomena the scientist reached a point where he must needs stop short or connect his chain of evidence with psychic phenomena. Having classified this to the limits of human research, he is stepping on into the Unknown; into a region of mystery where the senses, those crude instruments of his former researches, will only be a burden and a hindrance to him. The world of unbelievers as well as believers has grown sick and weary of the "trite monotone running through thought and literature to-day. We know only what we see or feel or taste or hear or smell." And so the messages that may come from these experiments with the Unseen are waited for not only with interest, but with pathetic anxiety by the great foolish world of doubting souls who are staking their eternal salvation on them.

But much of the burning zeal we hear of for the enlightening of the race by the new discoveries of science, and this fever for the truth in new forms, is at heart only the old unholy hunger for the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge, rather than the true aspiration of the soul for perfect good. The spiritual sense which seeks to know and discern *all* the mysteries of unrevealed truth is at a very rudimentary stage of development. Spiritual growth, or soul growth, is marked by an ever increasing attraction to the ever receding mystery of truth. A great soul learns more from the silences of God than from its own or others' interpretation of His meaning in visible signs and symbols. Soul growth is away from definitive knowledge of God into that conception of Him which is unutterable by sign or symbol. "The

⁷ *Ascent of Man*, pp. 118, 185.

grand theme of prophets : idolatry, the worshipping of dead idols as the divinity. . . not God but a symbol of God—unlimited implacable zeal against this is the characteristic of all great souls.”⁸

Even the human sense quickly wearies of all that may be circumscribed by the intelligence, and ever yearns for new and untried things : the eye seeks distance in its outlook upon the external world ; it loves the interminable expanse of sea and land that suggests unimaginable beauty beyond the lines its vision fails to carry it. When the city has wearied us with its treadmill pace, we find rest and refreshment for both soul and body in Nature’s solitude, luring our feet into its unexplored depths. The “desire of the everlasting hills” is upon us ; the soul has released its sentient grasp upon external things, and the body’s weariness is forgotten. Spirit and sense alike expand to greater capacity for the Infinite as this consciousness of infinity grows upon them. Knowledge which is not lost in mystery at the end of its last conclusion would seem too poor and mean a thing for any human soul to be attracted to it as a goal ; not to speak of its seeming to any soul the measure of all good. God attracts the soul by eluding it ; stimulates it to greater zest in its pursuit of Him by hiding Himself more the nearer it seems to approach to Him. “But if I go to the east, He appeareth not ; if to the west, I shall not understand Him. If to the left hand, what shall I do ? I shall not take hold on Him ; if I turn myself to the right hand, I shall not see Him. But He knoweth my way, and hath tried me as gold that passeth through the fire. . . . *I have not perished because of the darkness that hangs over me, neither hath the mist covered my face.*”⁹ Truly, “mysticism is the love of God.”¹⁰

⁸ *Heroes and Hero Worship*, p. 346.

⁹ Job 23 : 8.

¹⁰ Henri Joly : *The Psychology of the Saints*. “Of course this proposition is not convertible. ‘Mysticism is the love of God’ ; but not all love of God is mysticism, though it contains the rudiments or elements of mysticism in so far as all love, both human and Divine, is a principle of life and conduct which refuses the analysis of reason, having instincts and intentions which enable it to reach to conclusions, speculative as well as practical, to which reason can never even crawl. Still the word ‘mysticism’ is reserved for an unwonted degree of such unitive insight, just as sanctity is used only of extraordinary degrees of sanctification, and heroism for a fortitude that seems superhuman.” (Father Tyrrell in Appendix to the above.)

The rationalist cannot understand, or rather misunderstands, that state of repose in which the soul with faith lies prostrate before the Unknown and Unknowable. He has circumscribed his own vision, imprisoned his mind within the limits drawn by his physical perceptions, and here he keeps his restless spirit chained ; not believing that peace lies only in the ineffable mystery beyond, in which the soul may lose itself in never-ending accessions of knowledge, merging into ever increasing depths of desire.¹¹ "Mysteries, which have no direct ethical value, bear most directly on love, which ever seeks a certain infinity and hiddenness in the object of its affections. A thoroughly comprehensible personality could have no attraction for us . . . It is neither what we seem to understand about God that feeds our love, nor the fact that He is infinitely beyond our understanding ; but the fact that we can ever progress in love and knowledge, and always with a sense of the infinite 'beyond.' It is at the margin where the conquering light meets the receding darkness that love finds its inspirations."¹²

The only lasting thing in life, surviving all change without, persevering through all deviations of purpose and defects of method within, is this indestructible hunger of the soul for the Infinite. It is this hunger for God that creates the capacity for God ; it is this which forms the root of the principle of perfection in the individual soul ; and in the growth of that root lies the promise and the fulfilment of the prophet's eternally persistent cry that the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Only in the culture of this growth can the work of salvation legitimately go on. Is not this culture the only real and true soul-saving plan in existence ? Is not this the only principle of salvation that has stood

¹¹ "After all, what accounts do the nethermost bounds of the universe owe to me ? By what insatiate conceit and lust of intellectual despotism do I arrogate the right to know their secrets, and from my philosophic throne to play the only airs they shall march to, as if I were the Lord's anointed ? Is not my knowing them at all a gift and not a right ? And shall it be given before they are given ? . . . It is a gift that we can approach things at all, and, by means of the time and space of which our minds and they partake, alter our actions so as to meet them.

"There are 'bounds of ord'nance' set for all things, where they must pause or rue it. 'Facts' are the bounds of human knowledge, set for it, not by it."—*The Will to Believe*, Professor William James, p. 271.

¹² *Lex Orandi*, p. 49.

the test of the ages? This is the leaven working in the mass that will in time leaven the whole world. Human defeat is no criterion of its strength and virtue, but often of its highest success. The principle of perfection grows best apart from observation and human approval; striking deeper and stronger roots in the obscure places of life where its tender hidden growths of virtue and well-doing thrive most. True, these are conditions of life and growth that are an eternal contradiction to the popular idea of righteousness; a rebuke to the world's standards of success. But the Pharisee is the failure of the ages through his one great ghastly success of old. The history of the human race shows no one to be more terribly, eternally, and hopelessly in the wrong than he; while even materially considered, history proves no man's mission to have been a greater success through defeat than Christ's.

"Indeed, what of the world and its victories? Men speak too much about the world. Each one of us here, let the world go how it will, and be victorious or not victorious, has he not a life of his own to lead? *One life*; a little gleam of time between two eternities; no second chance to us forever more. . . . The world's being saved will not save us; nor the world's being lost destroy us. We should look to ourselves; there is great merit here in staying at home. And on the whole, to say truth, I never heard of worlds being saved in any other way. That mania of saving worlds is itself a piece of this century with its windy sentimentalism. Let us not follow it too far. For the saving of *the world* I will trust confidently to the Maker of the world; and look a little to my own saving, which I am more competent to!"¹³

I.—THE PERFECT WAY.

Walk before Me, and be perfect.—Gen. 17 : 1.

THE GOAL.

There can be but three states in the earthly life of the spirit,—equilibrium, progress, and deterioration. The ordinary conception of the different states of the soul is that it may be in a bad,

¹³ *Heroes and Hero Worship*, Lecture V.

good, or better state. A soul that has set out seriously to reach perfection cannot accept with contentment this ordinary classification of its different states. A state of simple goodness would be far more difficult for it to sustain than the most strenuous activity toward perfection. There is too thin a wall at the line of division between good and bad for the soul to lean with security upon it for permanent support against the swift descent on the other side. Climbing upwards, no matter how difficult and slow, is security itself compared to so precarious a position. Once the ascent begins, there remain for the soul only the alternate states of progress or deterioration. "As long as you are pilgrims in this life, you are capable of growth, and he who does not go forward, by that very fact is turning back."¹⁴ To attain equilibrium only, to remain half way up to the top, would be no better than to remain at the bottom, where the results of a fatal fall would not be one-half as great.

But it is half way up the heights that so many pause, filled with as vague a terror of the altitudes above as of the depths below. The sight of these alternatives is more than they can bear, so they close their eyes to both of them, and perilously cling to the foothold they have found; losing after awhile all sense of danger below as well as all consciousness of the safety above.

This, the state of equilibrium, is what the state of contentment with mere goodness is in the spiritual life. It is a temporizing with the safety of one's soul. Out of it grow the timidity, the inertia, the dullness and stupidity in many of the forms of the Christian life which, every day and every hour, are disappointing us by their contradiction of the true Christian ideal.

But it is toward this bare foothold of precarious safety only that Christians are urged most constantly and most eloquently by those who preach goodness alone as the state to be aimed at in the Christian life. This is the level upon which souls seeking perfection are usually met when they begin to strive for the upper heights of the spirit. It is this level which is the acknowledged standard of safety. All below it is dangerous; all above it is admirable,—but not necessary for salvation. This view of its position on the upward road to perfection puts a heavy stumbling-

¹⁴ St. Catherine of Siena, *Dialogues*, p. 209.

block in the way of the soul, whose gaze is fixed on the almost inaccessible heights above, the attainment of which, it knows, is its only goal. For it, safety lies at no point short of their summit. To others, these heights are not revealed; the point to which their vision reaches, is fixed far below them. This is the goal to them, unsuspecting as they are of the great distances beyond. The difference between their view and that of the soul speeding by the road of perfection is that the latter sees the true goal ahead of it the whole way, while they see no further than the point at which they have arrived. They receive no stimulus to further effort by looking at the danger down below, and no inspiration by gazing upward to the heights whereon their only safety lies. They have arrived at a point which feels safe, and they close their eyes with a vague sense of security and the hope that the distance between them and the end is in some way to be annihilated, without any effort on their part, through the transition from life to death. The actual process by which this is accomplished they feel no responsibility about; it is no concern of theirs. There are the Church and the Sacraments for the final emergency. Death evens it all up, and Purgatory completes the transformation.

This state of mind is systematically developed among Christians by preaching safety only as the goal to be aimed at in the saving of their souls. Salvation after awhile comes to mean mere safety; and later on this sense of safety settles down into stolid contentment with whatever security may be had against final reprobation by the aid of Church and Sacraments. Upon the mere footholds set by grace about their feet to lead them ever upward toward their true and only goal the great mass of souls clings inert, content with a security that purchases salvation at so small a cost.

In preaching safety only as the goal of salvation a motive has been proposed to Christians for the attainment of eternal life that would not be sufficient as a motive for the support or continuance of even their natural existence. "It was not enough for Nature to equip him (man) with a body, and plant his foot on the lowest rung of the ladder. She must introduce into her economy some great principle which should secure, not for him alone, but for every living thing, that they should work upward to the top. The

inertia of things is such that without compulsion they will never move. And so admirably has this compulsion been applied that its forces are hidden in the very nature of life itself,—the very act of living contains within it the principles of progress. An animal cannot *be* without *becoming*.”¹⁵

To afford this irresistible compulsion toward the true goal of every immortal soul a principle no less wise and beneficent was set by the Divine Hand in the scheme of eternal salvation. This principle lies at the bottom of the human soul’s inexorable discontent with the whole sum of finite good and its inveterate longing for something ever just beyond its reach. Deep in the soil of this discontent is planted in every redeemed soul the tiny seed of the principle of perfection, whose promise and fruition is the infinite satisfaction of all its finite desires when the goal of its mortal life is reached.¹⁶

To propose a lower standard than personal perfection as the condition of salvation is to lead the soul blindfold to the gateway of its eternal destiny and leave it there to face alone and unprepared that poignant realization of its own insufficiency, when at last the vision of Infinite Perfection breaks upon it, which is itself the most searching fire of the spirit’s final purgation,—

“And these two pains, so counter and so keen,—
The longing for Him when thou seest Him not,
The shame of self at thought of seeing Him—
Shall be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory.”¹⁷

Souls are inherently only too willing to be thus led, to hand over to others the responsibility of their personal salvation, to seize any guarantee offered them of a maximum reward for a minimum of effort; and it is this disposition of weakness in them that is made most profit of by those false leaders who are feeding perverted zeal for “the organization” of the individual which is one

¹⁵ *Ascent of Man*, p. 190.

¹⁶ “On its negative side it might be described as a sense of incurable dissatisfaction with anything that is finite and external, with the uttermost conceivable extension of good; . . . on its positive side, a felt attraction towards that which, like some dark star, is the source of all our perturbation, restlessness and discontent; toward that which is given to our consciousness only in this very feeling of inexplicable hunger.”—*Lex Orandi*. Intro., p. 18.

¹⁷ *The Dream of Gerontius*.

of the most serious obstacles of our day toward true spiritual development. The present tendency to conceal personal deficiency and weakness by taking refuge in corporate power and confederated strength, is a tendency which runs exactly counter, both by policy and principle, to all true and honest growth in the individual.

The zeal of our age spends itself in useless efforts to level up the great mass of souls to one general grade of righteousness—it is the dream of the socialist, as well as of the evangelist—and the individual aspiration toward a higher goal than this must make way for the march of the crowd toward the millennium,—wherever that may be.¹⁸ “Our whole organization to-day is toward the submerging of the individual, but the most tremendous revolution that ever entered the world was brought about by an Individual who was profoundly indifferent to the mechanism of organization.”

To unnerve the force of the soul's vital principle of growth by lessening the sense of its personal responsibility for its own salvation, is to put a fearful handicap upon its progress toward that perfection which is the absolute and final condition for its eternal salvation. To palliate the terms of this condition by offering “short cuts,” “easy methods,” and all the other kinds of anæsthetics kept in stock by the spirit of expediency and compromise, is for the most part only preparing unconscious souls for that last and terrible operation by which Purgatory's cleansing fires exact tribute to perfection even unto the last farthing.

“The very act of living contains within it the principle of progress.” The soul's inveterate longing for the unattainable contains the vital principle of spiritual growth; and to check or stultify that growth by preaching and approving only inferior motives and safeguard measures for salvation systematically cultivates that apathetic condition in souls which is the despair of the Christian system and the most powerful obstacle in the way of Christian success. Apathy in the physical being is usually a symptom of

¹⁸ “I for my part cannot but consider the talk of the contemporary sociological school about averages and general laws and predetermined tendencies, with its obligatory undervaluing of the importance of individual differences as the most pernicious and immoral of fatalisms. Suppose there is a social equilibrium fated to be, whose is it to be,—that of your preference, or mine? There lies the question of questions, and it is one which no study of averages can decide.”—Professor William James. *The Will to Believe. Essays in Popular Philosophy*, p. 261.

invalidism, of low vitality or loss of nervous energy; and it is exactly this in the spiritual constitution. When we check growth in a soul by taking away the strongest stimulus to growth—which is that nothing less than Divine discontent with what it has attained—we have made another invalid to add the dead weight of his inertia to the Christian system; and all further use of the agencies of that system must be toward safeguarding him from the rude shocks of an ungodly world, rather than toward strengthening him for the overcoming of that world. The Christian life was never meant to be only a series of escapes from danger; nor shall we, by the mere accident of such escape, ever come into our kingdom. *He that shall overcome, I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God; . . . and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, the new Jerusalem.*¹⁹ *He that shall overcome shall inherit all things.*²⁰ “To him that *thirsteth*, I will give of the fountain of the water of life freely.”²¹

Let us strengthen our realization of these things by borrowing from their analogy to the facts of our human existence. “Will not every one instantly declare a world fitted only for fair-weather beings, susceptible of every passive enjoyment, but without independence, courage, or fortitude, to be, from a moral point of view, incommensurably inferior to a world framed to elicit from man every form of triumphant endurance and moral energy?”²²

“No philosophy will permanently be deemed rational by all men which (in addition to meeting logical demands) does not, . . . in a still great degree, make a direct appeal to all those powers of our nature which we hold in highest esteem.”²³

It is the exorbitant demand made upon the human soul by the call to perfection—*Be ye perfect as your Heavenly Father is per-*

¹⁹ Apoc. 3: 12.

²⁰ Apoc. 21: 6.

²¹ Apoc. 21: 7.

²² Professor William James: *The Will to Believe. The Sentiment of Rationality.*

“The struggle for life is a species of necessitated aspiration, *the vis a tergo* which keeps living things in motion. It does not follow, of course, that that motion should be upward; that is dependent on other considerations. But the point to mark is that without the struggle for food and the pressure of want, without the conflict with foes and the challenge of climate, the world would be left to stagnation. Change, adventure, temptation, vicissitude even to the verge of calamity, these are the life of the world.”—*Ascent of Man*, p. 206.

²³ *The Will to Believe. The Sentiment of Rationality.*

fect—that constitutes its most irresistible attraction to those who feel most keenly the mysterious impulse of the soul's best powers toward the unattainable, and who give reign to this impulse by a response to the call of perfection.

"At the appeal of holiness the divine witness within us at once responds; and so we see, streaming from all points of the horizon to gather round those who preach in the name of this inward voice, long processions of souls athirst for the ideal. The human heart so naturally yearns to offer itself up, that we have only to meet along our pathway some one who, doubting neither himself nor us, demands it without reserve, and we yield it to him at once. Reason may understand a partial gift, a transient devotion; the heart knows only the entire sacrifice."²⁴

The "appeal of holiness" is, then, religion's last and most persuasive word to humanity. No other appeal than this contains the declaration of religion's true mission to the world; and by the response that humanity makes to this appeal must the measure of religion's success be taken. Neither can religion by taking thought of her growth in numbers, in power, in wisdom, and in all great things as the world reckons greatness, add one foot to her stature, if, step by step, with such growth as this, her children have not climbed upward on that holy mountain, where only he shall ascend *that walketh without blemish . . . and that speaketh truth in his heart.*²⁵

'Ερώνομος.

IRISH CHURCH MUSIC.

V.—THE PRE-REFORMATION PERIOD.

ONE of the greatest musical theorists of the thirteenth century was John Garland, of County Louth, whose name variously appears as De Garlande and Gerlandus. Born about the year 1190, he was sent to Oxford University to be educated (as was generally the case with the Anglo-Irish nobles of the thirteenth century), and, in 1212 or 1213, he went to finish his studies at Paris. In 1218, we find him taking part in the crusade against

²⁴ *Life of St. Francis.* Sabbatier, p. 75.

²⁵ Ps. 14.

the Albigenses at Toulouse, where he wrote his famous treatise on Music, *De Musica Mensurabili Positio*. So great was his fame as a grammarian and poet, that he was selected to assist at the foundation of the University of Toulouse, in 1229, but he had to leave, in 1232, owing to friction with the Dominicans. We again find him in Paris, in 1234, and the street in which he lived and taught was called after him, "Clos de Garlande," afterwards known as "Rue Gallande."

Not alone did Garland excel all his fellows as a theoretical musician; he was also a distinguished literary man, as appears from his *De Triumphis Ecclesiae*, which he finished at Paris, in 1252, and of which the British Museum possesses a manuscript copy (*Claudius A. X.*), printed some years back by Mr. Thomas Wright.

Unlike many of the early theorists, John Garland composed much music, including a fine example of double counterpoint. He also wrote a treatise on Plain Chant, *De Canto Plano*. His nationality is amply evidenced by his strong insistence on the rhythmical test in Organum. He divides Organum into two kinds, namely *rectum* and *non rectum*, and he tells us that the *long* and the *breve* are to be strictly taken in the first regular mode,—the Plain Chant being notated in symbols of equal length. To Garland is due the invention of the *copula* and the figures *sine proprietate*. According to Roger Bacon, he was still living, at Paris, in 1264.

Lovers of Shakespeare do not need to be told of the skilful manner in which the Bard of Avon introduces the instrument termed the "recorder" in *Hamlet*; but it is not generally known that the earliest mention of this variant of the flute-a-bee is in the *Manipulus Florum*, a learned work begun by John Walsh, in 1280, and finished by Thomas Walsh, of Palmerstown, County Kildare, in July, 1306. Both these writers were Irish Franciscan Friars, a fact unnoticed by Louis C. Elson in his *Shakespeare in Music*. Dr. Thomas Walsh lived mostly at Naples, where he ended his days. He is better known as Thomas *Hibernicus*. His fellow-countryman, Dr. John Walsh, was regent of Oxford, in 1258, and subsequently taught at Paris, where he died, in 1284.

Although Pope Clement V, on July 11, 1311, issued a Bull

for the erection of a university in Dublin, yet it was not until the year 1320 that Archbishop de Becknor was able to formally open it, and he also framed a code of statutes for the infant university, the *studium generale* being in St. Patrick's Cathedral. William de Rudyard, Dean of St. Patrick's, was appointed first Chancellor, but it was not till 1359 that King Edward III endowed a lectureship in Divinity in the University of Dublin.

In 1328, according to the *Annals of Clonmacnoise*, died Maurice O'Gibellan, Master of Arts, learned in civil and canon law, a philosopher, Irish poet, and an excellent and exact speaker of the speech which in Irish is called *Ogham*; a Canon and singer in Tuam, Elphin, Achonry, Killala, Armadown, and Clonfert, as also Vicar General. This Irish churchman must have been of more than ordinary fame, as his obituary is chronicled by the *Four Masters*, and by the Annalists of Loch-Cé and of Ulster. In fact, I can meet with no other instance of a man who combined in himself the requisite abilities as Brehon, Canonist, Vicar General, poet, philosopher, and musician.

The adaptation of secular songs to sacred words was freely practised in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. William of Malmesbury tells us of Thomas, Archbishop of York (1070), that "whenever he heard any new secular song or ballad sung by the minstrels, he immediately composed sacred adaptations of the words to be sung to the same tune." Very remarkable it is that the existence of the very earliest known English folk-songs is due to a record among the archives of the corporation of Kilkenny, in Ireland. In the *Red Book of Ossory*, there are fifteen pages written in double columns containing sixty Latin verses, written by Richard Ledrede, Bishop of Ossory (1317-1360), best remembered for his connection with the heresy and witchcraft trials between the years 1324 and 1331. We may date the Bishop's verses as of about the year 1325.

These Latin verses, or *Cantilenæ*, were written by Bishop Ledrede for the Vicar's Choral of Kilkenny Cathedral "to be sung on great festivals and other occasions," as is stated in a memorandum in said book, "that their throats and mouths, sanctified to God, might not be polluted with theatrical, indecent, and secular songs." The sixty pieces are in honor of our Lord, the Holy

Ghost, and the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the first of them is entitled: *Cantilena de Nativitate Domini*, a sort of Christmas carol, followed by three others "de eodem festo."

Six of the *Cantilenae* are set to English tunes, the names of which are given, whilst two others are adapted to French tunes. The interested reader will find a good account of the contents of the *Red Book of Ossory* in the Tenth Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, capably edited by the late Sir John Gilbert.

The Carmelite Friars exercised no small influence in Dublin, in the fourteenth century, and, in 1335, King Edward III, as a mark of favor, granted to the White Friars "the sole right of performing divine offices in the Chapel of the Exchequer," in George's Street (near the present South Great George's Street), who were, for their labors, entitled to receive from the Court of Exchequer an annual payment of one hundred shillings. The Bishop of Meath, the Archbishop of Cashel, and the Bishop of Ossory were Carmelite Friars at this epoch. Hence many of the liturgical music books of this period show traces of Carmelite variants.

From the statutes of the Provincial Council of Dublin, held in 1348 under the presidency of Alexander de Becknor, Archbishop of Dublin, it is evident that the study of sacred chants was insisted on as an essential part of the duties of clerics (Can. 23). The decree of Pope John XXII relative to the abuses of Church Music was observed. This decree was issued from Avignon, in 1323, in which we read: "Some disciples of the new school, while they apply themselves to mensurable music, introduce new notes, and prefer their own interpolations to the *ancient chant*; the Church Music is actually sung in semibreves and minims, and is mutilated with grace notes. Nay more, they intersect the Plain Chant melodies with *hoquets*, move about in *discant*, and sometimes even burthen the chants with *tripla* and common *motets*."

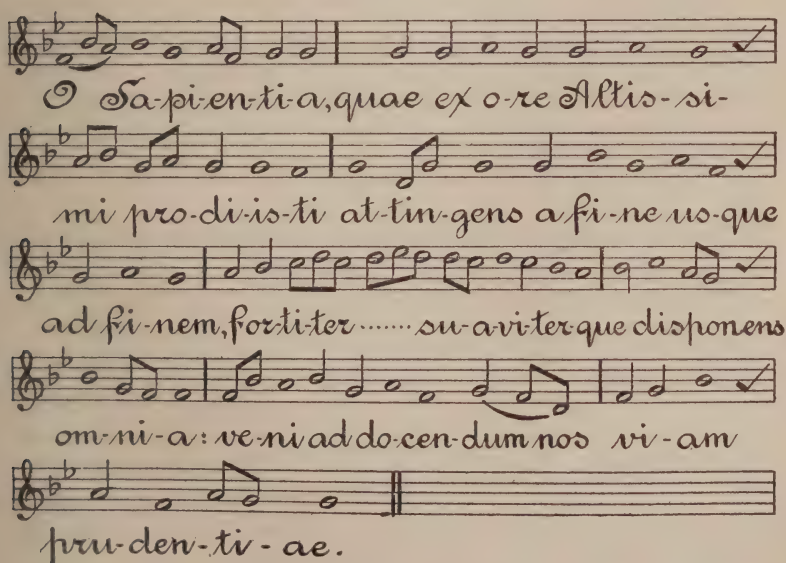
Among the deeds of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, there was discovered a Morality play called "The Pride of Life," written in 1345. This play is regarded by the late Professor Morley as one of the earliest known specimens of its class in the English language. In it are the familiar mumming characters of King, Queen, Nuncio, Bishop, First Soldier, and Second Soldier. There

are 120 quatrains, mostly in dialogue form, one of which will suffice as an example :—

Th^u art lord of lim and life
and King w^t outen ende,
Stif and strong and sterne in strife,
in londe qwher th^u wende."

It has often been a matter of conjecture as to the music which invariably accompanied these Mystery and Morality plays; but as far as my researches go, the services of a portative or positive organ were invariably requisitioned from the adjoining church. Further, I have discovered that at Kilkenny, the antiphon *O Sapientia* was sung between the acts of the plays, especially at the Christmas season. The following is a transcript of this lovely antiphon, modernized from a fine Antiphonarium formerly belonging to Christ Church Cathedral:

O Sapientia.



O Sa-pi-en-ti-a, quae ex o-re Altis-si-
mi pro-di-is-ti at-tin-gens a-fi-ne us-que
ad-fi-nem, for-ti-ter su-avi-ter que dis-ponens
om-ni-a: ve-ni ad-do-cen-dum nos vi-am
pru-den-ti-ae.

John of St. Paul, Archbishop of Dublin, built the choir of Christ Church Cathedral, in 1358, and subscribed to the fund for a new organ. At this date the organist was invariably a cleric,

and was designated "Clerk of the Organs." It is not generally known that the pedal board or pedal clavier dates from about the year 1307, the inventor being Ludwig van Vaelbeke of Brabant, and certain it is that the organ at Halberstadt, built in 1361, had a pedal board with its own pipes.

Thomas Minst, Archbishop of Dublin (1363-1375), almost rebuilt St. Patrick's Cathedral, and added a steeple to it. He was a patron of music. During his rule, a theological chair—to be held by an Augustinian Friar—was founded in the University of Dublin, in 1364, by Lionel, Duke of Clarence, Viceroy of Ireland.

About the year 1370 was transcribed the exquisite Psalter of Christ Church (Dublin), which now, alas! is one of the treasures of the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Mr. James Mills, I.S.O., Deputy Keeper of the Public Records (Ireland), says that "this psalter must be acknowledged to be the most elaborate extant work of Anglo-Norman art in Ireland."


In 1390, John de Sandale, Precentor of Christ Church, effected some improvements in the musical services. The ordinary choir dress for the Canons was the same as at Salisbury, that is, "black copes down to the feet, and surplices beneath them," whilst the choir-boys wore *cottae* and *rochettae*, or shortened albs, the acolytes being, as a rule, vested in "scarlet cassocks with a scarlet hood over the surplice."


Not alone were Irish students still numerous at Oxford University in the fourteenth century, but Irishmen were found as lecturers at that great seat of learning. Thus, Matthew O'Howen—a name now Anglicized "Owen"—son of the Airchinneic or Erenach of Irishkeen on Lough Erne, "lectured continuously at Oxford for fourteen years," and, as is recorded in the *Annals of Ulster*, died September 4, 1382. These same *Annals* chronicle for us the death of another Ulster churchman, namely Matthew O'Luinine, Erenach of Ards (near Enniskillen), on February 8, 1396. He is described as "an expert, learned man both in poetry and history, and *melody*, and literature, and other arts." Another annalist describes him as Archdeacon of Ardagh, and "well versed in history, poetry, *music*, and general literature."


In the *Red Book of the Exchequer*, now in the Public Record

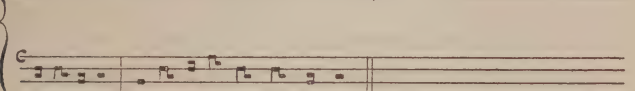
Office, Dublin, there is a fine transcript of the Gregorian modes, and a fragment of an illuminated Missal following, to a great extent, the Use of Sarum, but without music. At folio 134 is music scanning, written about the year 1398. I give here for the first time


Transcript of the Same.

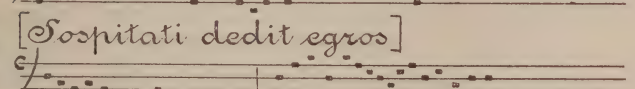
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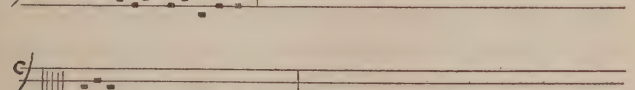
Restitution of the neums after Sarum *Eterne rex altissime* 


Ms. 



[Prose] *Gospitati dedit egros* 



(Hymn) *Vt queant.* 



a transcript of the Plain Chant notation of this most unique manuscript. Its very existence was unknown to Dom Mocquereau, the learned Prior of Solesmes, who is a living encyclopædia of mediæval musical manuscripts. Having obtained a photograph of the folio, I got it enlarged, and transcribed it according to traditional

methods. However, it will be more interesting to give the transcript, with a restitution of the neums, as kindly furnished by Dom Mocquereau,¹ to whom I gave a copy of the fac-simile reproduction.

We have seen that there was a Chaplain of the Exchequer Chapel in Dublin from the year 1200, which accounts for the inclusion of a Missal in the *Red Book of the Exchequer*. The explanation of the Anthem (Prose) and Hymn lies in the fact that it was a custom, from the close of the fourteenth century to the year 1869 (when the "Church of Ireland" was disestablished), for the choristers of Christ Church, on the third day previous to the close of each Law Term, four times a year, "to proceed to the Court of Exchequer to do homage to the King before the Barons, in open Court, in order to secure their estates and privileges." On these visits the Chaplain recited the Latin prayers contained in the *Red Book*, and the choir sang appropriate antiphons and hymns, "standing on the green cloth," at the conclusion of which they received a certificate that entitled them to all their revenues.

The words in the folio, "et debet incipi a secundario Rememoratori," serve to show that the second Remembrancer, who, of course, was a cleric, commenced the anthem, "Eterne Rex altissime redemptor et fidelium." The hymn, "Ut queant laxis," is the popular melody for the feast of St. John the Baptist, from which Guido of Arezzo evolved the names, Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, etc. It is only fair to add that Dom Mocquereau considers the music to be of the early fifteenth century, but I am inclined to date it from about the years 1390-1395.

To Lionel Poner, an Irish composer, is due the first English treatise on music, about the year 1390, and his nationality is beyond question. Davy, the historian of English music, tells us that Poner appears in Coussemaker's great work as "Iconal." His treatise on music is included in a volume which Tallis found in Waltham Abbey in 1537, and which is now in the British Museum, among the Lansdowne Manuscripts, No. 763. Not only

¹ I felt flattered that there was only the difference of four notes between my own transcript and that furnished by Dom Mocquereau (the illustrious founder of "Paleographie Musicale") whose labors in the restoration of Plain Chant have been well summarized in the September issue of THE DOLPHIN.

is it written in English, but it is also illustrated by musical examples.

It is regrettable that we have no details regarding the early life of Lionel Poner. All we know is that he went over to study at Oxford, and became a cleric. As evidences of his advancement of what may be considered "modern music," he established "the use of sixths and thirds, and the distinct prohibition of consecutive unisons, fifths, and octaves." Moreover, he was the first to indicate chords by figures; in other words, he was the inventor of figured bass.

Of Poner's compositions which have survived, Morley, in 1597, knew several, which cannot now be traced. However, in the choir-books formerly belonging to Trent Cathedral, but now at Vienna, out of forty works, mostly by English composers, eleven are by Poner, eight of which were transcribed about the year 1430. Other compositions of his are in the Liceo Communale, Bologna, whilst at Modena eight motets are still to be seen, one of which is for four voices. He also figures in the Old Hall Manuscript (so called from the fact that it belongs to the famous English Roman Catholic College of St. Edmund, Old Hall, Ware), a valuable transcript made in the latter part of the fifteenth century, apparently intended for a church choir.

Under Nicholas Staunton, Prior of Christ Church from 1420 to 1438, the musical services were much improved. Nor was St. Patrick's Cathedral less backward, as we find that Richard Talbot (brother to the Earl of Shrewsbury), Archbishop of Dublin, instituted six minor Canons and six choristers. Each of the six choristers was to receive four marks, English money, and twenty marks were to be paid to the Precentor.

It must not, however, be supposed that Dublin had the monopoly of good music in Ireland. Armagh, Kilkenny, Waterford, and other churches were not far behind. We learn that the Cashel province was equally zealous in the cause of Plain Chant. This is evident from the Eighty-sixth Canon of the Provincial Council of Cashel, in 1453, under Archbishop Cantwell: "*Statuit Concilium, quod in civitatibus et locis in quibus cantus habetur et chorus regitur, nulli ad aliquas praelaturas nisi cantores admittantur, salvo privilegio speciali Sedis Apostolicæ.*"

The three most distinguished musicians of the first half of the fifteenth century were Poner (d. 1420), Dunstable, and Dupay. John Dunstable was an English monk, and he founded the English school of music in 1425, dying on December 24, 1453. Guillaume Dupay was the glory of the Flemish school, but he was of Celtic origin, as the Walloons were Celts. His death occurred on November 18, 1474.

In the will of Michael Tregury, Archbishop of Dublin, dated December 10, 1471, that estimable prelate bequeathed "a payre of organs" to St. Patrick's Cathedral, to be used in St. Mary's Chapel. He died on December 21, of the same year, and was succeeded by John Walton, in 1472, during whose rule an Act was passed by the Irish Parliament, in 1474, for the regulation of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Among the manuscripts now housed in Trinity College, Dublin, there are Psalters, Antiphonaries, and Breviaries of the fifteenth century,—catalogued as Nos. 69, 77, 82, 86, 95, 101, 102, and 109, in Dr. Abbot's Catalogue; but, of all these, the most interesting from a musical standpoint is No. 82, being the *Kilcormac Missal*, with a four-lined stave notation. This valuable manuscript, one of the five Irish Missals that have survived the vandalism of the post-Reformation period, was the work of a worthy Irish scribe, Brother Dermot O'Flanagan, a Carmelite Friar of Loughrea. It was written, as the colophon informs us, for Brother Edward O'Higgins, Prior of Kilcormac (King's County), and was finished on March 3, 1458. As is usual in pre-Reformation Missals, there are numerous sequences, and there is a valuable calendar containing obits of benefactors, etc. A charming sequence, "Mellis Stilla," is given for the feast of the Immaculate Conception. The Mass of St. Patrick, too, has a very fine sequence, and there is a fragment of the Sequence of St. Brigid.

In 1460 there is a record of a versatile Cistercian monk, at Duiske, County Kilkenny, who was named Brother Aengus. He was at once a harper, organist, organ-builder, and composer. The most famous Irish organ-builder of this epoch was John Lawless. He was held in such high esteem that the Corporation of Kilkenny granted him many privileges on condition of taking

his residence permanently in the cathedral city of St. Canice. Fortunately, among the deeds of the Corporation, there is still preserved a document, dated December, 1476, "on the Monday after the Feast of the Nativity," agreeing to the terms of the ground rent, etc., from John Lawless, "organ maker," with the proviso that he was "to practise his art within the said town of Kilkenny."

The Friar Preachers (Dominicans) of Athenry, County Galway, were able to secure a new organ for their abbey in 1479, as appears from a memorandum in the Sloane MSS. of the British Museum (4784, p. 43, No. 4). We read that Thomas Bermingham, Baron of Athenry, and his wife, Annabella, bestowed "three silver marks toward the building of the abbey church organ." About this time the keys of the organ were reduced in size from 2 inches to $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and new contrivances were devised to facilitate alike the labors of the "pulsator organorum" and the blowers. Each key had its name-letter inscribed on it, namely, F, G, A, etc., which is the true explanation of the name *clavis* or key, the row of tongues being called a *clavier*. The phrase "pair of organs" was merely the English translation of the mediæval Latin plural *organa*, as distinguished from the singular *organum*, a form of part-writing.

Milo Roche, Bishop of Leighlin (1470-1490), was an accomplished musician and "a skilful performer on all manner of instruments." The annalist Dowling says: "Inter bardos numeratur pro omnibus instrumentis;" whilst Ware adds that "he was more addicted to the study of music and poetry than was fit."

With the invention of music-printing, in 1473, the spread of music became more general. It is not a little remarkable that the first book containing Plain Chant in Roman notation, printed from movable types, was issued from the press of Octavianus Scotus, of Venice, in 1481, under the supervision of an Irishman, Maurice O'Fihely, a Franciscan Friar, who was afterwards Archbishop of Tuam.

David Winchester, who had been elected Prior of Christ Church, on March 5, 1489, made music a special feature of the services. In order to secure a permanent music-school in connection with the Cathedral, he founded a professorship in Music

on August 28, 1493,—the endowment to consist of “the oblations offered to the relic of the Holy Staff of Jesus within the said Church,” with various rents of lands in Dublin and Ardee. By the terms of the foundation, the Music Master was bound to teach four choristers and four probationers; and these boys were to assist at “daily Mass of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and to sing the Mass of Jesus every Friday in Lent, and at all other times when required.” In addition to being instructed in music, the four choristers were provided with “meat and drink,” and were clothed at the expense of the convent.

The earliest record in Ireland of a lay salaried organist is that of William Herbit, who, in 1506, was appointed “pulsator organorum,” or organist, of St. Patrick’s Cathedral, Dublin, at the stipend of £3. 6s. 8d. a year. The Synods of 1512 and 1518 passed canons relative to the adequate rendering of Plain Chant. A Synod, held at Cashel, in 1512, also enjoined the cultivation of true Church music on the clergy.

As an evidence of the use of organs even in the smaller religious houses, it is merely necessary to quote a State paper, dated July 26, 1538, in which Lord Leonard Gray mentions that he had carried off “a pair of organs” from the Augustinian Priory of Killeigh (King’s County), and had presented the instrument to the Collegiate Church of Maynooth. Moore, in his *History of Ireland*, gives the date as 1537, whilst Renehan, quoting the incident from Moore, assigns it to the year 1539.

By a Royal Commission dated April 7, 1538, a clean sweep was ordered to be made of the Irish monasteries, and pensions were promised to those religious who surrendered. Among the pensions given to the monks of the Abbey of St. Thomas, Dublin, for which a warrant was issued on September 10, 1539, there appears an annuity of £5 to Patrick Clinch, “clerk of the organs,” or organist, of said abbey.

At this epoch, the Prior and Canons of Christ Church were transformed into a Dean and Chapter, and there were eight canons and four choristers, as also a lay organist, Robert Hayward. In June, 1541, when the servile Anglo-Irish Parliament proclaimed Henry VIII as “King of Ireland,” there was a solemn High Mass of thanksgiving and a *Te Deum*, with full organ.

Neither the ritual nor the musical services were in aught affected by the schism of King Henry VIII. By a deed of March 16, 1546, Robert Hayward, Organist of Christ Church Cathedral, was bound "to play the organ, to keep Our Lady's Mass and Anthem daily, Jesus' Mass every Friday, Matins on the eight principal feasts," etc. He was also "to instruct the choristers in *pricksong and discant to four minims*." Henry VIII died on January 28, 1547, and Strype tells us that at the obsequies of the wretched monarch, on February 16, the Bishop of Ely celebrated the Mass of the Trinity, which was sung "in *pricksong discant*, and organ playing to the offertory."

Here I pause for the present. Perhaps at no distant date I may resume some other phase of this interesting subject.

WM. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

Enniscorthy, Ireland.

GLENANAAR.

A Story of Irish Life.

CHAPTER XI.—FORESHADOWINGS.

DID Donal believe his father was really insane? No! but he tried to believe it, or rather persuade his judgment that it was so. That is, he wanted to fling away into the background the strange and indeed terrible revelation his father had made; and cloak its awfulness by the belief that his father was the victim of a delusion. Hence, he tried to make no change in his manner toward Nodlag; nay, if anything, he was more affectionate than before, and his sisters jested and said:

"Begor, Donal, it is clear you are goin' to wait for Nodlag; but you'll be the bald old bachelor thin!"

And his father said to himself:

"Did Donal understan' me rightly? He's the wandherful play-actor intirely, knowin' what he knows!"

By degrees, however, the ever-haunting idea of her parentage created a strong revulsion in the mind of the young man. He became moody and discontented; and, as is usual in such cases, he placed the blame everywhere but on himself. Most of all, he

threw the whole responsibility on the child. From time to time, in his lonely communings, the horror of the thing would burst on his imagination; and he would pull in the horses when he was ploughing, and take off his hat, and wipe his brow, and say, half aloud:

"Good God! think of it. Yonder, in my mother's house, taken to her bosom, kissed by my sisters, is the child of the informer, who has sent one dacent man to the gallows, and a half-dozen good neighbors to Botany Bay. An' I can't say a word. Gee-up! It bates the divil hollow!"

Then, one day, the dread of what would happen if the secret were discovered suddenly struck him, and intensified his aversion. His own words to his father came back:

"They'll burn the house about us; and shoot every mother's son of us."

Would they? Faith, they would, and never think the smoke of a pipe about it. If it were whispered abroad that Daly's child was harbored, clothed, fed, at Edmond Connor's house, their lives would not be worth a moment's purchase. There were a hundred ruffians in a circuit of five miles, who would make a holocaust of the whole house and family. Yes! but where's the remedy? To reveal the matter to even one, would be disastrous. He might put it on the plea of his father's insanity; but then who'd believe him? And there was his oath, taken under the stars that momentous night! No, clearly there was nothing to be done but await the development of events.

And so the years went by, the child growing steadily into the affections of mother, sisters, and brothers at Glenanaar, but most of all, into the deep, soft heart of Edmond Connors himself. Donal alone regarded the child with indifference, if not aversion. The shadow of a forthcoming revelation seemed always to hover around her to his mind. She became a very sweet, winsome child, every year seeming to add some new charm to her beauty. She was quite unlike her mother, who was dark and sallow of complexion; whereas Nodlag was exceedingly fair, with large, innocent, blue eyes and a great wealth of yellow hair, which she tossed into her eyes and face, as she ran around the yard or across the fields, or leaped lightly over the river that ran zigzag

beneath the farm in the valley. Often, however, when she was alone, and free from observation, she had a peculiar habit of suddenly standing still, and waiting and listening, as if she heard a voice afar off, and awaited its repetition, thinking herself deceived. On such occasions she leaned her head gently downwards, and sometimes put up a warning finger, as if to arrest her own attention; then, after a pause, as if she had been mistaken, she ran around gayly again. This mood would seize her at all times; and as she grew in years, it became more persistent, so much so that, even at meals, she would forget herself, and pause to listen for the strange voice. So, too, if she leaped a brook, or mounted a ditch, she would stand transfixed for a moment, and lean and listen, and then leap on lightly as before. By degrees, this peculiarity began to be noticed; and she was questioned about it.

"What's the matter, Nodlag? What do you hear?" the old woman would ask.

And Nodlag would give a start of surprise, and laugh, and say:

"Oh, nothin', ma'am. I don't hear nothin'."

But it gave rise to a great many surmises, the more common interpretation being that it was her cruel mother, who, in some far place, was repenting, and calling, calling for her abandoned child.

She was no more explicit, however, with the old man,—her protector and friend, as she knew instinctively. She became, as she advanced toward the years of reason, the companion of his walks across the mountain and down the valleys; and he used to feel an unusual thrill of pleasure, as he lifted her over a brook, or across a stile, or took her up in his strong arms and carried her across a tract of wet bog or moor-land, or over one of those deep ravines cut by the winter torrents out of the soft, pebbly sandstone. He once ventured to ask her more particularly what she waited and listened for, when those strange moods seized her.

"Oh, nothin', daddy. Only I thought some one was callin'."

"Was it like the way the boys are called to dinner, acushla?"

"It was, daddy!"

"Or was it like the way they call after the cows?"

"It was, daddy!"

"Or was it like the chapel-bell for Mass on a Sunday morning?"

"It was, daddy! Ding-dong, ding-dong, an' mo-o-o-o-o!" as she tried to imitate the echo of the bell.

And as all this was very vague, and left things just as they were, they ceased to ask her questions, but all agreed that she was a "quare" child, out-and-out, and altogether.

One day in the early spring of the year in which Nodlag attained her majority of eight years, and was classed amongst those who can distinguish good from evil, the gentleman who possessed rights of shooting over the mountains, came in to Edmond Connors' cottage. He had had a good day, for several brace of wild fowls hung from his shoulder, and he appeared tired. Things had now settled down somewhat; and better relations had sprung up between the gentry and the peasantry of the neighborhood. So he was welcomed with a *Cead milé failte*; and took his glass of milk with a little potheen mixed, as humbly and gratefully as possible. He put his gun into a corner, sat on the sugan chair, and sipped his tumbler of milk slowly. When about to leave, he glanced anxiously around the room, and toward the doors of the double bedroom across the kitchen; and said at last:

"By the way, I heard you had a remarkably handsome child here,—a little foundling?"

"Yes," said the old man, somewhat anxiously, for he had an intuitive fear of the "gintry"; and always suspected, even under the most friendly exterior, dangerous and hostile motives. "Is Nodlag there, Joan?" addressing his eldest daughter.

"She is not," said Joan, "she's gone down to the forge with Jerry."

"It was good and kind of you," said the stranger, "to take in a homeless waif like that; and to have all the expense of rearing her, in addition to your own family."

"As for that," said the old man, watching the gentleman anxiously out of his mild, blue eyes, "the crachure is no expinse. One mouth, more or less, does not make sich a difference."

"No, but she'll be growing, and will be soon a young woman," rejoined the stranger. "And that will mean responsibilities which few men but yourself would face."

"Well, sure if she grows, God bless her! she'll be the help, too; and sure the girls will be laving us, wan by wan; and we'll want some woman around the house," said the old man.

"True! I heard, indeed, that one of your daughters was about to marry young Burke——"

"Begobs, your Honor, you have all the gossip of the parish picked up. We thought you knew nothin' but the best covers for the woodcock or the plover," said Edmond Connors, with mild sarcasm.

"When you're out all day alone with your wood-ranger, you must hear things," said the gentleman. "And we have a deeper interest in our tenants and neighbors than we get credit for."

"That's thrue, too," said the old man, still on the alert for all that was to follow. "We never suspect how many friends we have, till we need them."

"I wish to show my friendship for you, Connors," continued the gentleman, "by telling you that I'll take that child off your hands, educate her, rear her, and put her in a position in life where you'll be proud to see her."

"I am much behoulden to yer Honor," said his host. "But for all you're worth in this world, and they say 'tis a good dale, I wouldn't part with that child. But, here she is herself," he said, as Nodlag ran into the kitchen, flushed by her ride on the bay mare, which had been just shod, down at the forge. Donal entered by the front door just at the same moment.

"Good-day, Donal," said the gentleman. "I hope you're well. And this is the little one. What's that you call her? Come here, little one, come to me!"

But Nodlag shrank terrified from him, and put her two arms around the old man's leg for support and protection.

"Well, 'tis a quare name, sure enough," said Edmond Connors. "We call her Nodlag, because 'twas on a Christmas night we found—God sent her," he said, checking himself before the wistful eyes of the child.

"Well, Connors," said the gentleman, preparing to depart, "please yourself about my offer. I'll take the child, and relieve you of all further responsibility about her. I promise you she'll be cared for well,—nearly as well as you can care for her yourself."

"I'm very much obligated to you," said the old man, this time searching the face of Donal, who was listening attentively. "But she's one of ourselves now; and we can't part with her."

There was deep silence for a few moments, during which the child's grasp tightened around the legs of her protector; and then Donal, looking up, said, as if that discussion was well over and ended:—

"You had a good day on the mountain, Sir. That's a heavy bag."

"Yes, indeed," replied the gentleman. "I have never seen so many birds on the hills before. The place is thick with woodcock and gray plover. I think we are near cold weather. The birds are migrating in large coveys to the South and West."

"And the sky is as black as midnight," said Donal. "I think the snow is comin'; and I wish it was, to take away the bitther cowl'd."

"So Linehan says. He thinks we're near a big fall. In that case the sooner I'm near home the better. Good evening!"

"Good-bye and good luck!" said Donal.

"Donal," said the father when the stranger had departed, "wouldn't it be well to gether in the sheep from the hills? It may be a big fall; and there's twenty young lambs, or so, I think."

"There are twenty-four," said Donal. "Yes, I'll get Owen and wan of the min; and we'll gether them in."

"An' my lamb, daddy!" said Nodlag, her eyes wide open in fear and sorrow, "I must go and save Nanny."

"She's not far," said the old man, "but you can go out, and wait for the boys; and they'll search for you."

Nodlag went out; and Donal turned fiercely on his father.

"Why, in the name of God," said he, "didn't you take his offer? It would rid us of all our troubles."

"It might add some others," said his father, meekly. "In any case, I have made a promise, and I'll keep it."

"Sure 'twas God sint Mr. Dunscombe with that grand offer," cried Donal. "It was the best chance we ever got; and it mightn't come agin."

"What was the best chance that might never come agin?" asked Mrs. Connors, coming in from the yard. "I'm thinkin' we're in for somethin' hot an' heavy to-night; and we haven't a hundred of flour in the house. But what wos the offer, Donal, ye were spakin' to your father about?"

"Nothin'!" said the young man sulkily.

"It can't have been any great things, thin," said his mother, nettled at the reply.

"'Twas only Mr. Dunscombe wanted to get Nodlag!" said the old man, in the interests of peace.

"An' what did you say?" she asked fiercely, for she had acquired a great love for the child.

"What 'ud I say; but that God sint her to us, and we'll keep her?" replied her husband.

"It would be the quare thing, out an' out, if you said anythin' else," she answered. "And was that what you called a great chance, me *bouchal*?" she demanded, angrily turning to Donal.

"I think," he replied sullenly, "that, as the child didn't belong to us, it was a good chance to get rid of her, especially whin she 'ud be well done for."

"You never showed that child a fair face since she kum into the house," said the mother. "Begor, you begrudge her the bite and sup we giv' her, as if it would lessen you—and thim you want to bring in here to us."

This was an allusion to Donal's projected marriage,—a subject of painful interest always to mothers, who are obliged to abdicate the moment the bride crosses the threshold of the door. It nettled Donal, because this very matter had been a subject of debate between himself and his future bride, who had tried to make it one condition of the marriage contract that Nodlag should be sent away. Nay, this very question, and some delay about her sister's arrangements with young Burke were the main causes of the delay in his own settlement. He had, then, a double reason for wishing that Mr. Dunscombe's offer had been accepted by his father.

"How do we know who or what she is?" he answered in a high temper.

"You know as much now as the night you brought her in the creel, and put her there be the fire. But you have the cowl'd hard heart, Donal," said his mother. "But take care! 'Tis dangerous to thrample on the widow or the orfin."

Donal was about to make another angry reply, which would have imperilled the sacredness of his oath; but his father, going to the door, looked up and said:—

"I'm thinkin' if you spind much more time in codrawlin', ye'll be lookin' for a needle in a bundle of straw, whin you search for the lambs this awful night."

CHAPTER XII.—THE GREAT SNOW.

So, indeed, it was. A double darkness had come down from sky to earth; and the great eclipse of the heavens began to break into tiny flakes of light, which, hung in the atmosphere, made the darkness deeper, and then shone in a great sea of pearly whiteness, when the soft clear crystals heaped themselves into fleecy masses upon the earth. It was the first fall of the "Great Snow," which commenced that night of the 15th of February, 1837, lasted for three days, and remained two months on the ground, blotting out every trace of verdure, and imprisoning hundreds of people, who, far away from the towns, had to endure the horrors of a half-famine during those miserable weeks. At nine o'clock that night, there were three feet of snow in the yard and fields around Glenanaar; and deeper drifts in the hollows beneath hedges, or piled against stable walls, where the light wind had drifted them, and no stronger wind could dislodge them. From time to time, Donal and Owen and the servant-men came into the yard, sweating and panting, as they flung down a sheep or a lamb, which they had saved. And every time they went forth, their quest became more dangerous and trying, as their strength grew less beneath the strain, and the snow mounted higher and higher in soft hillocks, which concealed dangerous places, and made by their very sinking and yielding beneath the feet the task of walking painful and laborious.

It was ten o'clock, and the snow was yet falling in larger and thicker flakes, when the boys announced that all the sheep had been brought into safe shelter, but that a few lambs had been lost in the snow.

"Thank God, we won't miss 'em," said the vanithee. "Was Nodlag's lamb brought in?"

"Nodlag's?" said Donal, half dazed and blinded from the snow and the fierce exertion he had made.

"Yes," said his mother. "Her pet lamb, with the blue ribbon around her neck."

"I don't know," said Donal, wearily, and half asleep on the hard settle.

"Where is Nodlag herself?" said Edmond Connors, turning around from the fire.

"Where 'ud she be, but in bed these hours?" said his wife. "Look, Joan, and see how's the child!"

Joan took up the candle, and entered the bedroom, where Nodlag's tiny cot lay close up against one of the larger bedsteads. She returned in a moment, with a face full of terror.

"Nodlag is not here!" she said.

"I thought so," said the old man, rising up. "Whilst we were thinkin' of nothing but our sheep and lambs, we've allowed God's child to be taken from us."

"She was with the boys," said Joan, looking at Owen and Donal.

"No, she wasn't," said Donal sullenly. "At laste, she wasn't wid me."

"Nor wid me," said Owen. "I never laid eyes on the child since Mr. Dunscombe left the house."

"She wint out into the yard," said the old man, "and I tould her wait for ye outside, and go wid ye."

"She must have gone off by herself thin," said Owen, "for sorra an eye I put on her, since the snow begin."

Edmond Connors said not a word; but went over and took down his yellow leather leggings from the rack near the fire, and drew them on, and buttoned them.

"Where are you goin', father?" said his daughter, Joan, in dismay.

"Where am I goin'?" he cried. "I'm goin' to seek after that child. Do you mane to think that I'm goin' to lave her out there in the bitther cowl'd to perish?"

"Ye're takin' lave of yer senses," said his wife. "Run out Donal; run out Owen, she can't be much farther than the ploughed field."

"I'm afeared 'tis a poor search we're goin' to make," said Owen, rising wearily. "Come get the lantern, Jerry, and let us see what we can do."

And Donal rose sulkily and followed his brother. Their

clothes were wet through with the snow, and a great steam ascended from them as they stood up to go.

"Give 'em a dhrop of whiskey," commanded the old man. "They may have to go farther than they think."

They needed it; for weakened by long exertion as they were, they had to summon all their strength for the search now before them. It was quite possible that they would have refused to undertake it but that they expected it would be a short one. The child, they reasoned, could not have gone far from home. They would find her in the outhouse or somewhere sheltered under one of the hawthorn trees that crowned all the ditches and fences on the farm. When, however, their search in the vicinity of the house was fruitless; and no answer came to their muffled cries: "Nodlag! Nodlag!" across the snow, they became anxious, and agreed to separate,—Owen and Jerry taking the hills behind the house, and Donal going down toward the river. In a few seconds they were out of sight and hearing of each other, as they moved in different directions, each a ghostly heap of snow, and quite indistinguishable from rifts and white hillocks or burdened shrubs or trees across the dreary landscape.

It was weary work; and Donal was alone in that terrible night-quest. Every limb and muscle ached with pain, as they were strained by the violent and quite unusual exercise, for the young man had to leap and throw himself forward from rift to rift; now falling into wet slush, now stumbling forward, and trying to catch a foothold for a further leap, and always flashing his lantern to and fro in the darkness, and shouting "Nodlag! Nodlag!" across the valley. But no reply came. Only the soft, silent snow sifting down from the blackened heavens, glinting one moment a golden color in the light of the lantern-candle, and then sinking into the soft drift, where it was lost.

Donal began to lose temper. It was only the peremptory challenge of his father that drove him out from the warm kitchen on such an errand. Somehow he had come to persuade himself that this child of misfortune, this inheritress of evil, would be as swiftly and mysteriously taken from them as she was sent. He could not imagine her growing up like the girls, and passing on to honorable wifehood and motherhood. There was something

uncanny about the whole affair, and it would end dramatically and mysteriously as it had begun. Is this the end, here and now? What could be more opportune, more appropriate, than that the child of shame and sorrow should be buried deep in the snow-drifts? It is an easy death, they say. The cold numbs the senses, and then there is sleep and unconsciousness, and death comes gently in the sleep. He sat down beneath a willow, which was so loaded with snow that there was just a tiny space of wet grass beneath. There he began to think. Then the very fate that he dreamed and half-hoped for Nodlag came to himself. He got numbed, and a strange, drowsy feeling came over him. He tried to shake it off, but couldn't. His aching limbs yielded to the momentary rest, the lantern fell from his hands, and he sank into an uneasy slumber. He had a horrible dream. The last thing he saw were the great broad flakes reddened in the lantern-flame; and he thought these were turned into flakes of fire that fell on him, one by one, and burned through the clothing into his flesh, and made him one hot, piercing blister. He flung them aside and rubbed his hands of them; but down they came, mercilessly tormenting him, until at last he woke with a shudder, and saw to his infinite relief that it was the cold snow that was enveloping him and paralyzing his hands with cold. He leaped up, rubbed his palsied hands, beat them under his arms, until a little warmth came back, and, after a little thought, took up the lantern again and strode homewards. But the dream came back. His conscience upbraided him. It said plainly: "The wish is the deed! To abandon is to destroy! Go back!" And he feebly argued: Am I to roam about all night, looking in vain for what may never be found? Is not my own life in peril? Was I not near death a few minutes ago? And then again the thought would arise: How will my father look if I go back without the child? How will his keen eyes pierce me? He'll say nothing; but he'll never forgive! He will tell me for evermore by his silence that I am a murderer.

This thought determined him. He made a savage resolution to find that child, living or dead, or to be found dead himself. He would not return home without her; and, with his strength fast ebbing away from fatigue and cold, he knew what that meant. He turned his face from the direction of home and went down

toward the river. It rolled by in the darkness, a dark, turbid Styx, its blackness made deeper by the white banks of snow that leaned above it and over it. There was the chill of death in the look of it, and a sound of despair in the swish of its waters, as they swept in mad tumult from side to side.

"God help her if she has fallen in there!" he murmured.

He raised the lantern and tried to throw its light across the roaring torrent. A circle of crimson fell on the banks of snow at the other side; and—his heart stood still! There was something dark in the midst of the circle. It was the foot of a child! With sudden, renewed energy he leaped down the drifts along the bank until he came to a wooden bridge, frail and uncertain, for it consisted of but one plank and a fragile hand-rail. The snow was sifted lightly upon it, because it got no foothold on the narrow board, and there in the white powdered crystals were unmistakably the print of Nodlag's feet. He flashed the lantern on them for a moment, then leaped across the bridge, and sped up along the bank at the other side, throwing the light before him. In a few seconds he was on his hands and knees shovelling away the soft snow which enveloped the child, and at length revealed her little figure, with the dead lamb clasped to her bosom. He flung this aside into the stream, and sitting down and opening up his great coat, he gathered the child into his arms. She was apparently dead. No sign of life appeared in the blue, pinched face, or closed eyes, and she hung limp and listless in his arms. In a moment a sudden and complete revolution took place in his feelings toward her. All the aversion of the last few years grew into a sudden, overwhelming love for the seemingly dead child. He felt that he would gladly give his life there in that awful wintry night to bring back life to those dead features and limbs. The powerlessness, the pitifulness of the little waif, the remembrance of her sad destiny, appealed to him so strongly that he wept like a child. And then he prayed to God as he had never prayed before, to give him back that soul that seemed to have sped on its eternal errand. Half-frantically he beat the little hands in his strong palms, rubbed and fomented the stiff limbs, breathed on the stony face, which his tears also washed. For a long time (it seemed to him years in his agony) no sign of life appeared; and

he had made up his mind to lie down there beside her and let them be found dead together, so that no man should say he had failed in his duty, when he suddenly noticed that the little hand shrank from the hot glass of the lantern. He redoubled his efforts, drew the lantern closer, and shed its soft heat over the little limbs; and in a few moments the purple color on the cheeks gave way to a soft rose-tint, and opening her eyes she said, wearily:—

“Who’s that? Is that Owen?”

The words cut him like a knife. He knew how the heart of the child, which he had steeled against himself, softened out to the kindlier brother; and here in the first moment of consciousness, the instinct of trust revealed itself.

“No! ‘Tis I,—Donal! Don’t you know me, Nodlag?”

“Why are you batin’ me, Donal? What did I do?” For he was still chafing gently and slapping the little hands. But the little appeal almost broke his heart.

“I’m only thryin’ to dhrive away the cowl’d, Nodlag. Do you know me now?”

“I do. But where is Owen? I’ll go home with Owen.”

He said nothing. But leaving the lantern behind him, he took up the child, and folding her close to him that the warmth might vivify her, he said:

“Tighten your arms round my neck, Nodlag, an’ don’t let ‘em go. And may God and His Blessed Mother give me strinth to reach home. But I am afeard you and I will have a cowl’d bed before mornin’.”

For now he felt that his strength, momentarily excited by the emotions he had just experienced, was again rapidly ebbing away; and he began to fear that he could never face that hill and the long fields before him, filled deep with the drifts that every moment grew higher and higher. And the terrible flakes, falling so silently, so noiselessly, so mercilessly, blinded his eyes, and weighed heavily on his shoulders, and clogged his feet. And here in his arms was a burden, which, as Nodlag fell into a sleep again, had become more passive and helpless than before. But Love, pure, unselfish Love, especially the Love that grows out of the black root of Hate, is a powerful thing; and Donal felt himself driven

forward, as if a power impelled him, and took from him the office of rescue; and on, on he went, lifting his feet, as if in a treadmill, yet cautiously feeling his way, for he knew the value of the burden which he bore, and the principle of honor had yielded to the stronger propulsion of love. But nature is nature; and, as he threw out the disengaged arm, blindly feeling his way before him, and took great, long strides, feeling for crevices and hollows, he became aware that his mind was beginning to wander. He struggled against it; but in vain. He shouted aloud with the full strength of his lungs; and he thought he heard answering voices. But the delirium from cold, hardship, and hunger, was seizing upon him. He was in the dock; and the Judge was placing the black cap upon his head, as a preliminary to the death-sentence for the murder of Nodlag, when a woman's form, clothed in black, shot up from the ground, and flinging out her arms wildly, commanded the Judge to desist. Then the lights of the courthouse began to flash and flicker before his eyes. The woman turned to him, and cried: "Donal! Donal! Nodlag! Nodlag!" Then everything began to reel around. He felt a burden falling from him; there was a general upheaval and cataclysm; and he himself, in the general horror and disruption, fell forward, dead.

CHAPTER XIII.—A WEDDING AND A WARNING.

The lights that he saw in his delirium were the lanterns of the rescuing party, who had been sent forward to search for him, after their unavailing quest for Nodlag in the mountains; and the voices were the voices of his brother Owen and the men-servants. When he awoke from the stupor and delirium, he found himself lying on the hard settle in the kitchen, propped with pillows; and as the cells of memory began to awaken, and he wandered over the events of the night, he turned suddenly, and said:

"Nodlag?"

"Thanks be to the great God," said his mother, coming over, "you're yourself agin."

"Nodlag?" he said, impatiently. "Where is Nodlag?"

"She's all right. She's in bed; and nothin' the worse for her sousin'."

He relapsed into silence. They gave him some drinks of milk and whiskey. But for a long time he could not catch on to what had occurred; and the dream of his delirium was yet haunting him. Then he asked:

"Who saved us? Where were we?"

"You were near enough," said his sister, "in the ditch at the end of the church-field. But a miss is as good as a mile. You must change, and be a good boy now, for you were never so near your ind before."

"Was it so bad?" he asked.

"'Twas, and worse. You were talking all the *raimeis* in the world."

"I felt my mind wandering before I fell," he said. "It was the quare thing, out and out, altogether."

"Betther get on to bed, now," said his mother. "'Tis time for us all to be there."

"What time is it?" said Donal.

"Just four o'clock!" said his mother. "And the boys must be up at five."

The next day he was all right, except for the intense muscular pains in back and shoulders. His father said nothing; but looked at him with his keen, kind glance, and gripped his hand with a fervor that was more than eloquence. Little Nodlag lay unwell in the inner room. The chill had brought on a slight attack of pneumonia; and when Donal entered she looked very ill and feverish. But she fixed her great shining eyes upon him, and said not a word. The strong man shook with emotion. The very sense that he had saved her intensified the great love newly-born in that night and on that drift where he had found her.

"We lost the lamb, Nodlag," he said. "He wint down the river. I found him dead in your arms, when I pulled you from the snow."

"Was he dead?" she gasped

"He was, and cowld and hard as a stone. But I'll give you another, whin you're up and around."

"This is the second time Donal saved you, Nodlag," said his mother, coming in. "Begor, you'll have to marry him now, whether you like him or no."

"She doesn't want me," said Donal, in a bantering tone; "'tis Owen she wants. She wouldn't believe it was I saved her from the snow and the river."

The large shining eyes of the child were fixed on him. Then she did a pretty thing. She put aside the hot drink which Mrs. Connors was offering her, and asked Donal to give it to her. He held the vessel to the child's lips, and she drank eagerly. But his hand trembled. His mother wiped her lips with a handkerchief; and the child made a sign.

"Stoop down," said his mother, "she wants you." The big man stooped; and Nodlag put one hot arm around his neck, and drew him closer. He pressed her hot lips with his own, and went out to have a good cry.

When they were gathered around the fire that night, old Edmond Connors in the centre, looking, as was his wont, dreamily at the blazing wood-blocks, there was a good deal of banter and fun, which Donal had to bear.

"Begor, Owen, you're cut out altogether. Nodlag and Donal now are bound to one another; and 'twould take the Pope himself to brake it."

"No matther," said Owen, "we must get somebody else, I suppose. 'Twill be a quare story if we can't pick up some likely colleen at Joan's wedding."

"There'll be the power an' all of people here, I suppose," said Donal. "Where'll we put 'em?"

"Aren't the barns big enough for the whole parish?" said the old man. "But, if this weather lasts, the neighbors won't come."

"Won't they, though?" said Owen. "'Tisn't snow, nor hail, nor wind will keep the boys and girls away from a good wedding."

"Wisha, thin, Donal," said Joan, who was anxious to turn away the conversation from herself, "wasn't it the quare things you wor sayin' last night, whin you wor brought in?"

"What things?" said Donal, anxiously looking at his father.

"Never mind!" said the old man. "Shure you were out of your min' with the cowl'd and the hardship; and you didn't know what you were sayin'."

"You wor talkin' and talkin' about jedges, and black caps,

an' informers, an' Daly and his wife, and Nodlag. 'Tis quare how things mix themselves up in drames like that."

"I remimber," said Donal, cautiously, "jest before I fell, I thought I was in the dock, an' the jedge was puttin' on his black cap, whin a woman, a great tall woman stood up, and stopped him. An' thin I heard voices: 'Donal! Donal! Nodlag! Nodlag!' an' I fell."

"'Twas we wor callin'," said Owen. "An' 'twas the devil's own job to make you hear. An' sure 'twas well we didn't miss you both; for ye were like a big snowball for all the world."

"How is the night?" said the old man, anxious to change the conversation. "Do you think ye'll have everythin' in for the weddin', Bess?" he said to his wife. "How many gallons of sperrits did ye ordher?"

"We ordhered thirty," said the vanithee. "But sure we can get more."

"An' the rounds of beef?"

"They're all right!"

"An' the hams?"

"They're all right," said the wife, impatiently. "Can't you lave thim things to ourselves; and not be interfaring with our work? Did you settle wid the priest yourself?"

"I did, God bless him!" said her husband, "an' 'twas aisy settlin'. He'll have twinty weddings that day, and more cummin' in; but he'll be here at three o'clock to the minit, he says; so that we can have nine hours rale *Keol*, before Ash Winsday breaks upon us!"

And they had,—real, downright, tumultuous, Irish fun and frolic. From North, South, East, West, the friends came, as heedless of the snow that lay caked upon the ground, and the drifts that were piled in the ditches and furrows, as a Canadian with his horses and sleds. There was the house far off—the objective of all the country that night—with its small square windows blazing merrily under the fierce fires upon the hearth; and afar off, clearly outlined against the white pall on the ground were the dark figures of the guests who had gathered to do honor to a family on which no shadow of a shade of dishonor had ever rested. And they feasted, and drank, and danced; and, late at

night, the old people gathered around the fire in the kitchen, and told stories, whilst the youngsters, to the sound of bagpipes and fiddle, danced themselves into a fever in the decorated and festooned barn. And Donal led out Nodlag, and insisted on dancing an Irish reel with her, much to the disgust of his intended bride, who watched the child with no friendly eyes, and half determined that the moment she became mistress of Glenanaar farm, out that waif and foundling should go, and seek a home elsewhere. But no shadow crossed the mind of the child, now thoroughly recovered from her illness; but she danced, and danced with Donal, and Owen, and Jerry; and some old people shook their heads, and said 'twas the fairies brought her and left her, and that somehow there was something uncanny about it all.

At last, twelve o'clock rang out from the kitchen timepiece—an old grandfather's clock, an heirloom in the family for generations—and Lent broke solemnly on the festivities of the night. Some of the youngsters, a little heated, insisted on keeping up the fun till morning, and quoted as an excuse for additional revels the old distich:

Long life and success to the Council of Trint,
That put fast upon mate, but not upon drink!

But the elders were inexorable. This was the day of ashes and humiliation, the first day of penance, and all should yield to the Church's behests in this grave and solemn matter. So in the moonlight of that March night, the great crowd dispersed with many a good wish for the happiness of the young people who commenced to carry the burden of life together that solemn night.

As they said goodbye! after many a *dhoc-a-dhurrus*, young Burke, the bridegroom, whispered to Donal:—

"Light your pipe, and walk down a bit of the road with us!"

Donal did so. Burke and he had been always close friends, even before they assumed this new relationship. They allowed the cars to go on before them with their female relatives, and trudged along the hardened snow, smoking leisurely.

"'Twas a pleasant night enough!" said Donal, not wishing to make too much of their profuse hospitality.

"Nothin' could be grander," said Burke. "It bate every weddin' in the parish."

He went on, smoking silently.

"I hope you'll be good to Joan," said Donal; "there isn't, and 't isn't because I say it, a better girl nor a claner housekeeper in this counthry."

"Do you doubt me?" said his companion, half-offended.

"Divil a doubt," said Donal, "but we were fond of Joan, an' we'll miss her."

Burke was again silent.

"You've somethin' on your mind to tell me," said Donal. "Wasn't everythin' right, marriage-money an' all?"

His companion gave him a rude shove.

"Thin you have somethin' to say," cried Donal. "Out wid it, man! What have you to be afeared of?"

"I'm afeared of nothin' for meself," said Burke. "But I'm afeared for ye."

Then suddenly turning, he asked fiercely:—

"Who's that girl ye have up at the house?"

"Girl? What girl? We've no girl there but Norry and Peggy!"

"I don't mane thim. We all know who thim are. But who's that young *thucka* ye danced with to-night?"

"I danced with many a one," said Donal, on his guard. "With your sisters, and your cousin, Kate Heathy, and Lucy Kelly, and —"

"I don't mane thim naither," said Burke. "I mane that youngster whom ye tuk into yere house, and who's been wid ye since."

"Oh! Nodlag!" said Donal, waking up.

"That's her! Who is she? Where did she come from? Who're her belongings?"

"Ask me somethin' aisy," said Donal, fencing and parrying the question.

"Do ye mane to say, Donal Connors, that nayther you, nor your father, nor your mother, know who the divil's breed it is ye are keepin' on a flure that was wanst dacent enough?"

"You've taken a little dhrap too much to-night," said Donal,

"altho' ye seldom do it, and 'tis a good man's case. All that I can tell you is, that no sign or token has come to us to tell us who the girl is, since the night I found her meself amongst the cows."

Burke walked on in silence, till they came to the forge just at the cross-roads above the bridge where old Edmond Connors had interviewed Nodlag and her mother. Here he stood still, and hailed the cars that were beneath them in the hollow where the bridge was sunk. He held out his hand.

"I see ye don't know it, nor suspect it," he said in a hollow voice, "tho' it is the talk of the country-side, and is spoke of where you wouldn't like to hear. *Thiggin-thu!* Well, I'm your brother-in-law now; and wan of the family. So I put you on your guard. If the boys," he whispered hoarsely, looking around cautiously at the time, "find out that what they suspect is true, there'll be a bonfire at Glenanaar before St. John's Eve."

And swinging his hands loosely, he passed on, and overtook the cars that held his young bride and the members of his own family.

Donal stood still for a moment, shocked at the unexpected revelation of his father's secret. Then, when he thought of all he had suffered for Nodlag that night, three weeks gone, when he rescued her from the snow, and the winning ways of the child, and her utter helplessness, he muttered between his teeth:—

"Why the d——I can't they keep their selves quiet? There's always some blackguardin' and ruffianism brewing betune them. What's it to thim who Nodlag is, or where she kum from? But, be the powers——"

"Fine night, Donal Connors," said the cheery voice of the blacksmith, Redmond Casey, or, as he was popularly known, "Red" Casey, partly as an abbreviation of his name, and partly explanatory of a red shock of hair which was always victoriously engaged in a deadly struggle against the black dyes of the smithy. He was a young man, and had taken over the business on his father's death a few years previously. His aged mother was his housekeeper; and his smithy was, as is usual in Ireland, club and news-shop and House of Parliament for half the country-side. Here, in the fierce light of the mighty fire, fanned by the huge bellows, and to the music of the clanging sledge and anvil, were

all subjects of parochial, national, political, and ecclesiastical affairs discussed,—the only silent man being the smith himself, who pared and cut, and measured and nailed, drinking in every kind of information, but saying nothing. He stood this night of the wedding, calmly smoking at the door of his forge. He had been kept busy up to the last moment, “frosting” and “kniving” the horses that had borne the merry crowds to and from the wedding.

“’Tis a fine night, Red,” said Donal, coming over. “I’m sorry you couldn’t be with us.”

“So was I; but there was no help for it. Ye broke up airly.”

“We did. The ould people would have no more dancin’ nor sportin’ after twelve o’clock. An’ now we have to face the black tay in the mornin’.”

“Well, but ye’ll be havin’ your own wedding soon,” said Red. “An’ I hope we’ll have a rale night of it.”

“I hope so,” said Donal, moving homeward.

“I say, Donal,” said Red, as if suddenly recollecting himself.

“Well, Red, what is it?” said Donal.

“’Tis a family business, an’ I suppose I shouldn’t interfare,” said Red, blushing in the darkness. “But they say your intinded, Donal, don’t want Nodlag on the same flure wid her, an’ the ould woman here does be lonesome sometimes——”

“You mane you’ll like to have her here?” said Donal.

“That is, av there’s no room for her at Glenanaar,” said Red.

“So long as there’s bit, bite and sup yonder,” said Donal solemnly, “Nodlag will have her place at our table, no matter who comes in——”

“Oh, I meant no offince,” said Red.

“An’ I take none,” said Donal. “An’ at laste, it is somethin’ to know that she has a friend in you, Red, if all fails her.”

“That she has, and some day I may have the chance to prove it,” said Red. “Good-night!”

P. A. SHEEHAN.

Doneraile, Ireland.

NOTES ON THE ENGLISH VERSIONS OF THE "DIES IRAE."

IN the following article we present Mr. Warren's treatment of the three stanzas, IV to VI, of the famous sequence, followed by Dr. Henry's literary comment on the same stanzas. The reader familiar with the literature of this subject may have noticed that not only Mr. Warren, but commentators generally have done scant justice to American Catholic translators of the Hymn, and it is therefore pleasant to note that Dr. Henry has laid particular stress upon the fertility which characterizes this field of English versions. As a result partly of our suggestion made in the pages of THE DOLPHIN, that readers of these articles would kindly indicate to us any new translations of the hymn made after the year 1895, Dr. Henry has been enabled to record no less than thirty-five Catholic versions, only a few of which had been noticed heretofore from the viewpoint of literary comment. Thus the value of Dr. Henry's articles consists not merely in the fact that he offers original criticism on a theme of world-wide literary interest, but also in this that he directs attention for the first time to the labors of Catholic translators among the host of hymnologists who have occupied themselves with this theme.—EDITOR.

STANZAS IV-VI.

By the late C. F. S. WARREN, M.A.

4. Mors stupebit, et Natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new." The first line of this verse probably describes simply the instant cessation at the last day of the whole former course of things, without any direct reference to the text which tells us that Death and Hell shall be cast into the lake of fire. Though Crashaw would seem to have had this in his mind by his line—

"Horror of Nature, Hell, and Death!"

and one version of Dr. Coles, instead of, like Crashaw, adding Hell, substitutes it for Nature. But most versions have *Death and Nature*

(trochaic), or *Nature and Death* (iambic), a few *Death* alone, and Archbishop Trench *Nature* alone—

"What amazement shall o'take
Nature when the dead shall wake,
Answer to the Judge to make."

Besides several very general versions, two (Isaac Williams and Father Caswall) have written *Death and Time* with a remembrance probably of the angelic oath that there shall be time no longer; Archbishop Benson has *Earth and Death*, and Mr. W. H. Robinson *Death and Life*. This last translation is perhaps a rather daring one, but I am tempted to think that it best represents the original word, which is plainly opposed to *Mors*. The whole verse is this, and is a good one—

"Death and Life astonished view
Every creature rise anew,
Rise to meet the judgment true."

Among others of the more ordinary type, Dean Alford's is one of the best—

"Death shall shrink and Nature quake
When all creatures shall awake,
Answer to their God to make,"

though I rather doubt the replacing of *Judge* by *God*. One American writer has this, plainly taking *Nature* (as is shown by the adjective) in the so common modern sense of the mere external face of things—

"Death shall die, *fair* Nature too,
As the creature, risen anew,
Answers to his God's review,"

a stanza which is an admirable instance of the uncertainty pervading so many versions: *fair Nature* is a decided blunder, and indeed it must be said rather a silly one; but *Death shall die* is a fine expression, first used in the *Saturday Magazine* paraphrase of 1832 by Canon Parkinson; it brings to mind that grand sonnet of Donne's (most readily perhaps to be found in Trench's *Household Poetry*, p. 144), which ends thus—

"Why swellest thou then?
One short sleep past we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die."

With respect to the translation of *stupebit*, it need only be said that it seems better, like Thomas of Celano, to apply one word, and that a simple one, to both subjects, Death and Nature, rather than to endeavor to differentiate that which is predicted of each, and to go about in search of elaborate expressions to that end. Where, as is here the case, almost every writer has a different form of language, it is not easy to select examples: one striking expression is used by the old Rosarists, who make Nature and Death *stand at gaze*; but as a rule the error has been greatly in the direction of too much elaboration; if it may be so said without irreverence, such phrases as *Death shall swoon and Nature sicken* are far too like the words of a physician who should describe with accuracy the symptoms of his patients. The strangest version of this kind is the following:

“Death aghast and Nature dying
Start and swoon.”

Dean Stanley, however, having avoided the (so to say) technical words above quoted, has produced a striking couplet—

“Nature then shall stand aghast,
Death himself be overcast;”

and Mr. Simms' is also fine—

“Death, the last enemy, shall fall,
And Nature cease to be.”

Mr. Blake's version in *The Lamp*, 1856, is good too in its own style—

“Nature will tremble with affright
And Death recoil before the sight,
When God shall come to judge with might.”

The word *creatura* is, of course, used as we now say “the creation;” it is all creation that is here stated to rise, not man simply; as Mr. T. D. Morgan has in this verse taken it—

“Death shall grow pale and Nature quake
To see created man awake,
An answer to his Judge to make,”

nor does the last line prove Mr. Morgan right, for angels too are to be judged. I think we are familiar enough, from the Epistles of St.

Paul, with *the creature* in the sense of *the creation* to use it so here, though if we do we should apply no epithet to it. I do not speak positively ; but if not this phrase, *creation* should be used in preference to *each* or *every creature* or *all creatures*—it seems hardly well to use the English form of the original word in any but the exact original sense ; and such phrases as *the pale offender* (Lord Roscommon), or *the buried ages* (Father Caswall), should, strictly speaking, be kept for less literal versions.

But I must go on to my tabulation, which will be more incomplete even than usual ; the phrases chosen (especially to represent the *stupebit*) are so very various that it is impossible to give them all, and a selection can be but made of some which are more important or less common.

Line i.—Nature and death, 60 ; death (alone), 7 ; nature (alone), 1 ; death and *all* nature, 1 ; death and time, 3 ; death and life, 2 ; death and creation, 1 ; earth and death, 1 ; death, earth, skies, 1 ; the world, 1.

Quake, 13 ; quiver, 1 ; shake, 1 ; shiver, 1. Other words beginning with q and s are quail, start, sink, shrink, sicken, swoon. Of phrases the commonest is stand (or be) aghast, 8 ; *stand at gaze*, 1.

Line ii.—The creature, 7 ; every (or each) creature, 7 ; the (or all) creatures, 5 ; creation, 12 ; the dead, 13 ; man, 4 ; mankind, 2 ; mortals, 2 ; earth, flesh.

Line iii.—Judge, 24 ; judge and master, 1 ; judicature, 1 ; God, 6.

Rise, or arise, 24 ; wake, or awake, 11.

Answer, 12 ; make (or give) answer, 12.

5. Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

The judgment was set and the books were opened (Dan. 7 : 10). This verse of Daniel the prophet would so plainly tell us, if we wanted telling, what book the "liber scriptus" is, or rather what books are represented by it, that the mistake of Mr. Hutton in the *Spectator* is a very strange one. He writes thus :

"Then shall the book divine appear
Where every word of God stands clear
For which the world must answer here,"

taking the "liber scriptus" to be the Bible; stating indeed in his subsequent analysis¹ that he so takes it. This is a solitary case; but into an error of another kind many translators have fallen by speaking only of what Dr. Dobbin calls our "daily defalcations," only, if one may so say, of the debtor's side of the account and disregarding the creditor's. But the book of judgment contains all deeds of men whatever, good and bad; and in a translation of the *Dies Iræ* the original should not be so far narrowed as to exclude its one-half. The true meaning is clearly given in Mackellar's version—

"The written book will forth be brought
With good and evil records fraught,
And man be judged for deed and thought,"

in what must be called the "Thomas à Kempis" version—

"Then is brought forth that great record
Containing each thought, work and word
Which damns or saves before this council board,"

and in another style by Mr. Justice O'Hagan, who remembered the text just quoted—

"Open then with all recorded
Stands the book from whence awarded
Doom shall pass with deed accorded."

Little more need now be said on the two first lines of this verse; the actual words taken to turn *liber* and *mundus* are very commonly the best and simplest ones, *book* and *world*; and though a few idle epithets,² such as *the mystic leaves of the dread book*, are occasionally found, or the leaves "burn," or the whole book perhaps "glares," or is not a book at all, but a "huge unwieldy volume," a description which, suggesting as it does nothing but an enormous bank ledger, by no means adds to the dignity of the idea—yet the versions, where free from the mistakes already mentioned, are so far tolerably good. Where failures chiefly shew themselves is in the third line, either by sinking it altogether or by such careless work as this—

¹ This analysis is a singularly mistaken one. The writer writes of a *silver-toned trumpet*—of *flute-like notes*—charming all by *suasive coercion*, by *invisible compulsion*, before the judgment seat! Fancy such epithets of the trump of God.

² A version in *Lippincott's Magazine*, June, 1869, calls it "writ in blood;" which if intended to have any meaning is wrong, and if not, is idle.

"Comes that Judge His book unsealing,
Secret writ of doom revealing;
All attent *but none appealing*."

—*Dr. Macgill*, 1876.

"Then the mighty book unsealing
Whence all deeds shall have revealing,
God shall judge *the world appealing*."

—*Round Table*, N. Y., Feb. 23, 1867.

Which two versions I put together for the sake of shewing the directly opposite statements they make, the idle character of the former, and the mistaken one of the latter. For what appeal could then possibly be made? and if the idea be introduced which is expressed by the laxer use of the word, it should be worked out as Crashaw has worked it out in the grand lines—

"O that Judge, Whose hand, Whose eye,
None can endure, yet none can fly;"

where *none can endure* gives the cause which a lost soul may be perhaps imagined to attempt to shew, and then *none can fly* the utter uselessness of it. An appeal indeed there is, or rather has been; but it must be made in due time, before the time in which this verse places us; and this, too, Crashaw gives us—

"But Thou givest leave, dread Lord, that we
Take refuge from Thyself in Thee,"

to which appeal we shall come in the eighth verse, after the first six have described the judgment, and the seventh has shown the impossibility of an appeal *then*.

Line i.—Book, 54; books, 5; volume, 7; doomsday book, doomsday volume, doom-book, book of doom, each 1; record, 3; scroll, 2; roll, 2; writing, 2; pages, 2; page, 1.

Epithets. Written, 12; close-writ, 1; clear-writ, 1; of ages, 4; of record, 3; great, 3; awful, 3; solemn, 2.

Line ii.—Can hardly be tabulated.

Line iii.—World, 23; living and dead, 4; quick and dead, 6; judge, 5; arraign, 7.

6. Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit:
Nil inultum remanebit.

Of this verse the simplest and best rendering is probably that of Archbishop Trench—

“When the Judge His place has ta'en,
All things hid shall be made plain,
Nothing unavenged remain ;”

which is to be praised for its literal turning of *quicquid latet*.³ In this phrase translators have often fallen into an error somewhat like that mentioned under the last verse. *Quicquid latet* is of course simply *all which is hidden*; but it has often been taken for *all sin which is hidden*, an idea which does not come in till the third line. This second line is the really important one of the verse; as to the others, the great majority of translators have used the word *Judge*; one or two have contented themselves with suggesting it in some such phrase as *that awful session*, and one has substituted the name of the attribute *Justice*; Father Aylward has adopted the unusual form *Lord of Judgment*. Of these the word *Judge*, as the commonest, is also the best. Lastly, where the third line is literally turned, the favorite words have usually been *unavenged*, *unrequited* or *unpunished*, of which the former seems preferable as less common and yet intelligible. There is a various reading *incultum*, meaning simply, I suppose, neglected; but it does not appear to have been much adopted by translators—though in truth there are plenty of vague versions which might just as well stand for one as the other.

Line i.—Judge, 48; sits, shall sit, be seated, etc., 22; take, claim, ascend, etc., throne, 9; seat, 8; chair, 2; station, 2; place, 1; session, 4; assize, 1.

Line ii.—If in this line a man should turn to his algebra and calculate the number of permutations and combinations of such words as *hidden*, *secret*; *thoughts*, *works*, *deeds*, *feelings*, not omitting the different forms of the two first, such as *hid*, *secret* as an adjective, *secret* as a substantive, *secreted*, etc.; if a man, I say, did this, his total would not very much exceed the number of different versions I have found. And equally numerous are the representations of *apparebit*.

Line iii.—Unavenged, 15; unrevenge, 1; unpunished, 5; unrequited, 2; remain, 8; escape, 6; pass, 2.

³ The only objection is the elision in “ta'en.” Anything forced for the sake of rhyme is objectionable.

COMMENT ON THE "DIES IRAE."

STANZAS IV-VI.

IV.

Mors stupebit et natura
Cum resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura.

IV.

Death and nature shall be amazed
When the creature shall rise again
To answer the Judge.

Death and Nature are personified. Death shall be astounded to find its ancient reign ended, its quiet thus disturbed, the primal curse at length removed, and the type of the Risen Lord followed, so far at least, by all the children of men. "And the sea gave up the dead that were in it; and death and hell gave up the dead that were in them: and they were judged everyone according to their works" (Apoc. 20: 13). Nature shall share the amazement at witnessing the fulfilment of the prophecy of St. Paul: "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality" (I Cor. 15: 53).

Is the singer speaking mystically as well as poetically in his personification of Death and Nature? To build up his poem into a logical and chronological sequence, he has rifled all parts of the Scriptures, both the Old and the New Testament; and just at this place, he seems to have in mind the awful description given by St. John in the Apocalypse.

The word *mors* offers no difficulty to the translators; but *natura* has been variously rendered. What does it really mean or suggest? It can not easily mean the "fair Nature" of one translator, that is, the external face or appearance of the earth and the sky.

Other translators understand it to mean the "great frame" of the universe. The oath of the Angel that "Time shall be no longer" (Apoc. 10: 6) is echoed by Father Caswall's version in its rendering of *natura* by "time." Others, perhaps considering that the poet meant some opposition between the words *mors* and *natura*, and doubtless justifying their contention on the ground of the relation between *natura* and *nascor*, have ventured, as prettily as daringly, to translate *natura* by "life." Thus Dr. Schaff in one of his German versions:—

Tod und Leben seh'n mit Beben
 Die Geschöpfe sich erheben,
 Antwort vor Gericht zu geben—

although in another version he wanders farther afield, with the picture of the Apocalypse in his mind :

Erd' und Hölle werden zittern
 In des Weltgerichts Gewittern,
 Die das Todtenreich erschüttern.

Spurred on, doubtless, by the desire to avoid monotony, Dr. Duffield frequently omits the "Death and Nature" entirely, giving a paraphrastic version,—his eighteen translations almost compelling him thereto. Similarly, W. W. Nevin gives both words in six of his nine renderings, while one has "Death and Life," and the remaining two have "Nature" only :—

Nature reels in blanched surprise
 When the sheeted dead arise
 And falter to the grand assize.

Nature cowers with faint and quiver
 When in a weird spectral river
 Death and Hell their dead deliver.

The Catholic versions, which as a rule stick with remarkable pertinacity to the text of the Latin throughout the hymn, attempting no interpretation and following the tradition of literalness established by the translators of the Douay Bible, seeking first of all a direct and simple rendering, have nevertheless used some freedom in translating this stanza of the hymn. Mr. Warren, while praising highly the qualities of simplicity and fidelity exhibited by Roman Catholic translators of the hymn, has quoted but few illustrations, comparatively, in his analysis of the several stanzas of the hymn. Partly, therefore, in recognition of the excellent versions of those of "the household of the Faith," and partly in illustration of the stanza now under consideration, we shall give here a few quotations from Catholic translations. As a rule our American versions render *mors* and *natura* by "death" and "nature." The first translation given below is that of Mr. Charles H. A. Esling, whose many versions of the Latin hymns have received recognition from Protestant as well as from Catholic sources. His version appeared in the *Catholic Record*, a monthly magazine published in Philadelphia. Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 appeared in the *Catholic World*. The last named probably first appeared in the *Sunday Press*, under the pseudonym of "Rev. John Bird, of Albany," and afterwards in the *Catholic World* with the initials

"C. W." Its author was the Rev. Clarence A. Walworth, a priest of undoubted poetic gifts as well as theological learning. The version afterwards appeared in "*Andiarocte and Other Poems, Hymns, etc.* By Rev. C. A. W."¹ The version is unique in its rhymic build, having sometimes three, sometimes two, and sometimes no rhymes in the stanzas.

1. C. H. A. ESLING. 1874.

Death and Nature see with wonder
The dead burst their tombs asunder,
Answering those tones of thunder.

3. J. D. VAN BUREN. 1881.

Death in stupor, Nature quaking
When the dead are seen awaking,
Each to summons answer making.

5. J. M. BROWN. 1884.

Nature and Death amazed will stand
When that innumerable band
Shall rise to answer God's command.

2. JOSEPH J. MARRIN. 1882.

All Nature, and e'en Death shall quail
When, rising from the grave's dark vale,
Mankind pleads at the judgment rail.

4. GEORGE M. DAVIE. 1884.

Death and Nature stand aghast,
As the Legions of the Past
Rise to meet their doom at last.

6. REV. C. A. WALWORTH.

Death shall stand aghast, and Nature,
When from dust the summoned creature
Rises trembling to make answer.

No. 7, by Miss Emery, first appeared in the *Boston Advertiser* of March 21, 1887, and reappeared in the *Sacred Heart Review*, Boston, November 26, 1904. No. 8 first appeared in the *Student*,² November, 1890 or 1891, signed with the single initial "G." It was written doubtless by the Rev. F. P. Garesché, S.J. It afterwards appeared in a fly-sheet. No. 9, by the Rev. Florence J. Sullivan, S.J., written some time after 1895, similarly appeared in a fly-sheet. No. 10 was published in *THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW*, December, 1895. Nos. 11, 12, 13 and 14, by the Rev. J. E. Dunn, of Catonsville, Md., are still in manuscript, having been composed the present year. No. 12, in trochaic 5s, was suggested by the version in iambic 6s which appeared last month in *THE DOLPHIN*.

7. SUSAN L. EMERY. 1887.

Death stands wondering and all Nature
At the uprising of the creature,
To meet its awful Judge and Teacher.

9. REV. F. J. SULLIVAN, S.J.

Both Death and Nature stand aghast,
As man the creature wakes at last,
His Judge to answer for the past.

8. REV. F. P. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

Nature and Death, in dread surprise
Will shudder, as all men arise
To answer at that dread assize.

10. REV. H. F. FAIRBANKS. 1895.

Death and Nature with surprise
Shall behold the creature rise,
And in judgment make replies.

¹ Putnam, New York, 1888.

² Immaculate Conception College, New Orleans.

II. REV. J. E. DUNN. 1904.

Death and Nature stand aghast :
Creatures risen must at last
To the Judge unfold their past.

13. REV. J. E. DUNN.

Nature and Death, aghast,
Shall quail when men at last
Rise to unfold their past.

12. REV. J. E. DUNN.

Death and Nature, quake !
Creatures shall awake
Answer strict to make.

14. REV. J. E. DUNN.

Death and Nature shall affrighted
Quail, when men shall rise, now cited
To respond, that wrong be righted.

All of the quotations from versions by American Catholics, as just given, stick closely to the original. Not so the versions by our British brethren. Father Caswall, who, in his *Lyra Catholica*, translated all the hymns of the Roman Breviary and Missal, translates *natura* by "time." He is followed by "F. J. P." (Mrs. Partridge) in the *Catholic Hymnal*, whose version has been ascribed variously to Father Faber, and to the Rev. A. D. Wackerbarth.

I. REV. EDWARD CASWALL. 1848.

Time and death it doth appal,
To see the buried ages all
Rise to answer at the call.

2. MRS. PARTRIDGE ("F. J. P."), 1860.

Death and time in consternation
Then shall stand, while all creation
Rises at that dread citation.

Charles Kent, in the *Month*, 1874, retains the two words, but in nearly all else departs from the original. The Rev. Dr. Wallace (*Hymns of the Church*, 1874) similarly departs from the original in the second line.

3. CHARLES KENT. 1874.

Nature, death, aghast, affrighted,
Then will view from depths benighted
Myriad life flames re-ignited.

4. REV. DR. WALLACE. 1874.

Death and nature stand confounded,
Seeing man, of clay compounded,
Rise to hear his doom propounded.

Dr. Wallace's "of clay compounded" was, doubtless, suggested by the necessities of rhyme; but the effect gained was not happy, as he forthwith proceeded to rhyme it with "propounded." The Dominican Prior Aylward left behind him at his death many translations of Latin hymns, and amongst them a rendering of the *Dies Irae*, over which he appears to have spent much time and effort, resulting in many tentative stanzas. Two variations are given here :

5. REV. J. D. AYLWARD.

Nature and death in dumb surprise
Shall see the ancient dead arise
To stand before the Judge's eyes.

6. REV. J. D. AYLWARD.

Death and nature in surprise
Shall behold the dead arise
Summoned to that last assize.

Justice O'Hagan's translation (*Irish Monthly*, 1874) is very good, as is also that of the Rev. W. F. Wingfield (in *Prayers for the Dead*, 1845; also in Shipley's *Annus Sanctus*, 1884).

7. J. O'HAGAN. 1874.

Startled death and nature sicken
Thus to see the creature quicken
Waiting judgment terror-stricken.

8. REV. W. F. WINGFIELD. 1845.

Now death and nature in amaze
Behold the Lord his creatures raise
To meet the Judge's awful gaze.

The first of the following versions is that of the *Daily Exercises of the Devout Rosarists* (Amsterdam, 1657), bearing on its title-page the initials "A. C.," and "T. V.," of the Order of St. Bennet. The second is that of *The Great Sacrifice of the New Law expounded by the Figures of the Old*, by "James Dymock, Clergyman, 1687."

9. THE ROSARISTS. 1657.

Nature and death shall stand at gaze
When creatures shall their bodies raise
And answer for their sore-spent days.

10. REV. JAMES DYMCK. 1687.

Death and nature both shall quake
When mankind from death shall wake
Rising his accounts to make.

The first of the following versions is that printed anonymously in *The Following of Christ*, 1694. The second is the one commonly attributed to Lord Roscommon, but probably with greater justice to Dryden, whose authorship of this version, as well as of versions of many other Latin hymns, Mr. Orby Shipley has done so much to point out and to prove.

11. ANON. 1694.

Amazed will death and nature be
When they shall every creature see
Intent to answer his dread scrutiny.

12. DRYDEN OR ROSCOMMON.

Nature and death shall with surprise
Behold the pale offender rise
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

The paraphrastic translation of Canon Husenbeth appeared in the *Missal for the Laity*, 1831. It is in sestet form, the third and sixth lines rhyming. It is to be regretted that this particular stanza should represent so poorly the occasional excellence of the version. Opposite to it we shall place the version of the Very Rev. W. Hilton, V. G., which appeared in the *Dublin Review* for July, 1883.

13. REV. F. C. HUSENBETH, 1831.

Nature and death shall see arrayed
Poor trembling man for judgment raised
Leaving the dreary tomb.

14. VERY REV. W. HILTON. 1883.

Death and nature shall affrighted
Rising see the creature cited
And before the Judge indicted.

The version of Richard Dalton Williams, in the *Manual of the Sisters of Charity* (1848), links two stanzas of the Latin in a single 8-lined stanza, the fourth and eighth lines rhyming. The version is quite paraphrastic; as also is that of Crashaw, in *Steps to the Temple* (1646), which we place beside that of Williams.

15. R. D. WILLIAMS. 1848.

Death sees in mute surprise
Ashes to doom arise—
Dust unto God replies—
God in His anger.

16. RICHARD CRASHAW. 1646.

Horror of Nature, Hell, and Death !
When a deep groan from beneath
Shall cry, " We come, we come ! " and all
The caves of night answer one call.

The version of the Right Rev. John MacCarthy, Bishop of Cloyne, appeared in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* (July, 1888). Beside it we place that of the Rev. John A. Jackman, Ord. Min., which appeared in *St. Anthony's Annals* (Dublin, November, 1904).

17. BISHOP MACCARTHY. 1888.

Nature and death shall stand amazed
When they shall see the dead upraised
That their past lives may be appraised.

18. REV. JOHN JACKMAN, O.M. 1904.

Nature is stupefied, and Death,
When creatures, who resume their breath,
Answer to what the wise Judge saith.

We shall conclude our quotations from British sources with the fourth stanza of the version of Father Ignatius Ryder, Superior of the Oratory at Birmingham. The translation, for a copy of which we are indebted to the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., editor of the *Irish Monthly*, was reprinted in full in that magazine, August, 1902, with the editor's comment,—“a very beautiful and original version.”

REV. IGNATIUS RYDER.

Death and nature stand aghast
At the creature hurrying past,
Answering to the Judge at last.

Two more illustrations (but American ones) and we shall have finished. The first is taken from the *ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW* (April, 1890); the second, still in manuscript, is by Albert Reynaud, Counsellor-at-Law, New York City.

19. ECCLES. REVIEW. 1890.

Death and nature, awed, unduly
See the creature rising newly
To the Judge to answer truly.

20. ALBERT REYNAUD. 1905.

Death aghast and nature see
Rise whence every grave may be
Creation answering God's decree.

The stanzas quoted here from thirty-five British and American Catholic versions will serve to illustrate somewhat the activity of Catholics in translation of the hymn, and the wide limits of interpretation some of them have taken in rendering this fourth stanza of the *Dies Irae*.

V.

Liber scriptus proferetur
In quo totum continetur
Unde mundus judicetur.

V.

The written Book shall be brought forth
In which all is contained
Whence the world is to be judged.

"The judgment sat and the books were opened" (Dan. 7: 10). "And I saw the dead, great and small, standing in the presence of the throne, and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged by those things which were written in the books, according to their works" (Apoc. 20: 12).

Daniel sees in his vision "books"; St. John also sees "books." In so far they agree; but St. John adds: "And another book was opened, which is the book of life." Wherein does the distinction lie? St. Augustine understands by the "books," those of the Old and New Testaments, which contain all the laws of God and their sanctions stated; and by the "book," the record of each one's life, "to show what commandments each man has done or omitted to do."

In this sense have practically all the translations understood the *liber scriptus*; and the unlucky exegesis of Mr. Hutton (*Spectator*, March 7, 1868), who renders the phrase by "the written Bible," has been ridiculed by other editors than Mr. Warren. The following stanza would indeed seem to take the ground from under Mr. Hutton's feet; for it continues the thought of the bringing forth of the *liber scriptus* with: "When therefore the Judge shall have been seated, whatsoever is hidden shall be revealed, and nothing shall escape its appropriate punishment." There have been, however, other interpretations. St. Anselm understands by the *liber vite* of St. John, the life of our Saviour; the Angelic Doctor contends³ for the interpretation "Book of the predestined," and of the predestined unto glory,⁴ whether irrevocably by absolute predestination or merely through the posses-

³ *Summa Theol.*, I, q. 24, art. 1.

⁴ *Ib.*, art. 2.

sion of sanctifying grace (which is forfeited by mortal sin) and therefore not irrevocably.⁵ Cornelius a Lapide understands the Apocalypse here to speak of absolute election, inasmuch as at the Judgment the record of the soul is a finished record.

There can be hardly a doubt that the author of *Dies Irae* had in mind the passage of the Apocalypse in writing *liber scriptus* and not *libri scripti*; and it seems probable that he had also in mind the interpretation of St. Augustine, given above. Perhaps we may find in this stanza, therefore, another intimation that the author could scarcely have been a Dominican, at the time when the Angelic Doctor was lecturing on the *liber vitae*. St. Thomas dissents from the opinion of St. Augustine in the gentlest possible manner (as was his custom when differing from anybody), and finds a sense in which that opinion can be verified. And he indicates this sense very neatly; but let us hear St. Augustine himself.⁶ By the "books," he says, "we are to understand the sacred books, old and new, that out of them it might be shown what commandments God had enjoined; and that book of the life of each man is to show what commandments each man has done or omitted to do." A material interpretation of this book would, he continues, make it of incalculably ample dimensions, for it shall contain all the thoughts, words, actions, of all mankind for all the ages,—it is the "book of Life." He concludes that by the "book" is meant a certain divine power by virtue of which a full record of its past is presented to each soul, so that this knowledge may excuse or accuse; and that this divine power is called a "book" because in it, as in an opened volume, each may read his judgment.

Hereupon Sixtus Senensis, the Dominican who has become famous—or notorious—for his depreciation of the *Dies Irae* as an "uncouth poem," remarks: "Thus St. Augustine, whose view seems to have been in the mind of the author of that uncouth poem (*inconditi rhythmi*) which the Church sings in the sacred mysteries for the dead:

Liber scriptus proferetur
In quo totum continetur
Unde mundus judicetur."

⁵ *Ib.*, art. 3.

⁶ *De Civ. Dei*, xx. 14.

To sneer at such a hymn was a hardy thing for Sixtus of Siena to do; and all he succeeded in accomplishing against it was to furnish an easy argument for its Franciscan authorship. Saintsbury hints, in his *Flourishing of Romance* (p. 9), at more modern critics of what he styles "the greatest of all hymns, and one of the greatest of all poems, the *Dies Irae*." He says: "There have been attempts—more than one of them—to make out that the *Dies Irae* is no such wonderful thing after all; attempts which are, perhaps, the extreme examples of that cheap and despicable paradox which thinks to escape the charge of blind docility by the affectation of heterodox independence. The judgment of the greatest (and not always of the most pious) men of letters of modern times may confirm those who are uncomfortable without authority in a different opinion. Fortunately there is not likely ever to be lack of those who, authority or no authority, in youth and in age, after much reading or without much, in all time of their tribulation and in all time of their wealth, will hold those wonderful triplets, be they Thomas of Celano's or another's, as nearly or quite the most perfect wedding of sound to sense that they know." A Roland for an Oliver; and it is not unlikely that we must thank a Sixtus for a Saintsbury.

Or, instead of Sixtus, did Saintsbury have in mind—"There have been attempts—more than one of them," he says)—the writer in *Notes and Queries* (July 27, 1850), who, not having the courage of his convictions, contented himself with signing the letter "C" to his communication? This critic's diatribe was occasioned by the terms "extremely beautiful" and "magnificent," applied to the *Dies Irae* by some of the correspondents of *N. and Q.*, against which he desired to file a protest. He thinks the hymn "not deserving any such praise either for its poetry or its piety." He considers the first stanza the best, though he is "not quite sure that even the merit of that be not its jingle, in which King David and the Sibyl are strangely enough brought together to testify of the day of judgment. Some of the triplets appear to me," he concludes, "very poor, and hardly above macaronic Latin." Macaronic Latin, quotha! The *inconditus rhythmus* of Sixtus of Siena was a gentle phrase in comparison, although either might well serve to account for the evident indig-

nation of so great a critic as Saintsbury. To his sensitive appreciation of the *Dies Irae*, it is possible that the very praise of a writer in the *British Quarterly* (xxxviii, 39) proved somewhat offensive, inasmuch as, while proclaiming the sublimity of the hymn, he couples with his praises such expressions as "uncouth Latin" and "barbarous Leonine rhyme." This writer was speaking of "Psalmody"; and having shown how beautiful certain of the Ambrosian hymns were, although not phrased in the purest of classical Latin, he proceeds to consider the claim of some mediæval hymns: "But if we have already almost lost caste," he says, "among classical critics of the old school, we fear that we shall excite their horror still more by proclaiming how highly we admire the sublimity, we use no humbler term, of a hymn composed in uncouth Latin and barbarous Leonine rhyme. Spirit of Dr. Parr, repose in peace! We, however, shelter ourselves behind the authority of a writer whom, in point of taste, we are inclined to consider the representative of the old school of classical English poetry, that of Gray and Mason—Mr. Mathias. This distinguished scholar, who, in the decline of a life devoted to the most elegant literary pursuits, is basking in the delicious climate and inhaling the airs and poetry of his beloved Italy, has put forth an unpretending tract, entitled 'Excerpta ex Hymnis Antiquis,' in which he has anticipated some of our selections. The effect of the hymn to which we allude we must give in his own rich and nervous Latin." Mr. Mathias speaks of having entered St. Peter's at Rome one afternoon and hearing the full choir singing the *Dies Irae*, and of the tremendous effect upon his soul. He quotes several stanzas, which the writer in the *Quarterly* repeats, of the *Dies Irae*. "We are sincerely of opinion," he continues, "that the hymn will justify this lofty panegyric. Most of our readers are familiar with Luther's 'O God, what do I see and hear, The end of things created'; and Heber's Advent Hymn is admirable; but to our taste the simplicity and homely strength of the old monkish verse surpasses every hymn on a similar subject. It has the merit common to some others—it seems to suggest its own music."

The article in the *Quarterly* was probably written by Dean Milman. The excerpt we have made shows how deeply the

author was impressed by the sublimity of the Hymn, even if he found fault with its technical qualities considered as a Latin poem—technical qualities which, as we have seen, were the very things selected by Saintsbury for praise. The Dean subsequently modified somewhat the harshness of his terminology, and in his *Latin Christianity*⁷ referred to the "rude grandeur" of the hymn, which made it, together with the *Stabat Mater* (because of the "tenderness" of this Marian hymn), "stand unrivalled" in Latin hymnody.

VI.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit;
Nil inultum remanebit.

VI.

When therefore the Judge shall be seated,
Whatsoever lies hid shall be seen;
Nothing shall remain unpunished.

The five stanzas from *Judex ergo* to *Non sit cassus* arouse the enthusiasm of Saintsbury; for in them "not a word," he thinks, "could be displaced or replaced by another without loss."

This stanza, describing the formal seating of the Judge, is the second of the three stanzas used by Goethe for his "Faust;" on hearing it, Marguerite is overwhelmed with fear.

In a Manuscript of the twelfth century (found in Edélestand du Meril and Mone), containing nearly four hundred lines, from which two stanzas have already been quoted as forming an introduction to the *Dies Irae*,⁸ occurs a stanza which may be quoted here as suggestive of this strophe, the last line of which is practically identical with the last line of the quatrain:

Expavesco miser multum
Judicis severum vultum,
Cui latebit nil occultum,
Et manebit nil inultum.

This sixth stanza of the *Dies Irae* closes the epic or narrative part of the hymn, the remaining stanzas being intensely lyric in character. This will, therefore, be a fitting place to consider the contention of one of the most recent translators of the hymn, W. W. Nevin,⁹ that, as the hymn is redolent of the terminology of mediæval jurisprudence, a translation should seek to preserve,

⁷ Book 14, Ch. IV.

⁸ See DOLPHIN, January, 1905.

⁹ *Dies Irae*. Nine Original English Versions. By W. W. Nevin, M.A. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1895.

as far as may be, the legal phraseology of modern vernaculars: "It was many years ago," he writes, "while studying for the law, that my attention, in reading the *Dies Irae*, was arrested by the remarkable amount of legal phraseology used in its brief lines. Witness as to this: 'Teste,' 'Judex,' 'Judicanti responsura,' 'Cuncta stricte,' 'Judex cum sedebit,' 'Quem patronum,' 'Juste Judex,' 'Diem rationis,' 'Culpa,' 'Reus,' 'Gere curam,' 'Reus judicandus;' and every verse is gloomy with the black imagery and depressing atmosphere of the court-room. It is a picture of a criminal trial, as criminals were tried in the thirteenth century—dismal, hopeless, hapless." He thinks it "hard for any one, not read in the history of criminal jurisprudence, adequately to conceive the terrible and hopeless surroundings that environed the unhappy accused, put on trial in mediæval times. . . . The prisoner at the bar stood alone, without friends, without rights, without a cause, removed from human aid, and apparently from human sympathies. The very charge seemed to take him out of this world, and throw him on the kinder mercies of the next. . . . It is hard for us now to conceive of such merciless conditions, but even in later times, and under the milder common law of England, a prisoner on trial for a capital crime was not so much as allowed counsel. Indeed, this privilege was never fully attained until the reign of William IV, and then by statute." Accordingly, following this conception that the poem is a picture of a trial, Mr. Nevin "endeavored, in translating it, wherever possible, to render the Latin legal terms by the equivalent terms or formula in use in our land and time, or as near as can be, for it is not always easy to find the exact equivalent in English, for even Spanish or French legal terms in use at this very hour, and this difficulty increases very greatly in going back six hundred years."

It is needless to point out that many translators have used legal phraseology, and indeed could scarce avoid doing so, in rendering the words which are common both to legal and to ordinary speech: *e.g.*, Judge, judgment, culprit, crime, criminal, plea, plead, cite, summon (and their derivatives), etc. Some versions, moreover, have consciously borrowed, and with effort, from distinctively legal terminology; as in the words "assize" "doomsday book," "session," "daysman," "counsel." Mr. Nevin's nine

versions strive manfully to add to the atmosphere of the courtroom by such translations as these :

Coget omnes ante thronum.

All before the Bar compelling (No. 1.)

To the Judgment Bar appalling (No. 2.)

As to the Bar all souls are led (No. 5).

To the Bar the quick and dead (No. 6.)

All flesh before the Bar is found (No. 7.)

Shall compel all to the Bar (No. 8).

To the judgment Bar are led (No. 9.)

Judicanti responsura suggests such phrases as these : " Answer at the final hearing," " At the summons," etc., " Rangèd at the last assize," " to judgment come," " To answer at the bar of doom," etc. *Ante diem rationis* appears as : " Ere the last adjudication," " Ere the day of last citation," " Ere the final condemnation," " Ere is closed the final writ," " Ere the Day without appeal," " When comes the day of last assize." *Gere curam* appears as : " Take my cause " (used thrice), " Let my last end be thy commission." *Huic ergo parce, Deus* appears as : " Spare him, God, the undefended," " . . . the lone defendant," " . . . in that inquest."

In his desire to make his English versions of the hymn a counterpart of the legalistic Latin of the original as he conceives it, Mr. Nevin tries to have every verse, as far as may be, " gloomy with the black imagery and despairing atmosphere of the courtroom "; for, he says, the hymn " is a picture of a criminal trial as criminal trials were tried in the thirteenth century—dismal, hopeless, hapless." But has he not ventured rather far, in translating the " thronus " of the Apocalypse into " Bar "? Has he indeed caught the finest argument of the hymn at all? Has he heightened the tragic feature of the hymn by comparing—rather than contrasting—its terrors with the criminal jurisprudence of the thirteenth century, as he conceives that jurisprudence? Did it give an added touch to any dramatic conception of the Last Judgment in the minds of men in the thirteenth century to say of it, that it should reproduce, in its " hopeless, hapless " character, the features assumed to have characterized the jurisprudence of that century,—that, in short, it was to be the Last of those earthly trials with which people were familiar, " dismal,

hopeless, hapless"? Men get finally used to "dismal, hopeless, hapless" procedures; and if the Last Judgment were to be only like the innumerable human ones that had preceded it, much of the Hymn's terrific power must have been lost for the minds for whom it was written. But if Mr. Nevin's view of the old jurisprudence is much exaggerated; if trials were not quite so dismal, hopeless, and hapless as he conceives them to have been; if it is not true, even of the "*judicium Dei*," that "everything proceeded on the fundamental assumption that the accused was guilty in the eyes of man, and was to be cleared or saved only by the special interference of God,"—if, in short, a contrast could be effected by the hymn between the gleams of hope that lit up an orderly trial of the thirteenth century, and the dreadfully rigorous scrutiny (*Cuncta stricte discussurus*), the certain disclosure of the most hidden offences (*Quidquid latet apparebit*), the inevitable character of the punishment (*Nil inultum remanebit*) to be meted out even to the slightest fault, the loneliness (*Quem patronum rogaturus?*) of the culprit and the hopelessness of his case (*Quum vix justus sit securus*),—if such a contrast and opposition, rather than the comparison and quasi-identity conceived by Mr. Nevin, could be set up by the hymn, surely its dramatic horror would be immeasurably increased, while the argument based on that dreadful disparity of the human and the divine judgments would be immeasurably strengthened. And such we believe to be the fact. Trials were not quite the dismal and hapless things pictured by Mr. Nevin and other commentators on the jurisprudence of the thirteenth century. Walter Map, the courtly Archdeacon of the time of Henry II, "himself a judge," although he wrote probably a century before the composition of the *Dies Irae*, could see the force lying in the argument of contrast, when, singing of the Last Judgment, he said:—

Ibi nihil proderit quidquid allegare,
Neque vel excipere neque replicare,
Neque ad apostolicam sedem appellare;
Reus condemnabitur nec dicetur quare.

Cogitate, miseri, qui et qualis estis,
Quid in hoc iudicio dicere potestis
Ubi nullus codicis locus aut digestis—

for, unlike the human courts of law, the Last Judgment will not permit defensive allegation, noting of exceptions, formal replies to the exceptions, appeals to another venue, etc.; and there Christ shall be accuser, witness, and judge—"idem erit iudex, actor, testis."

It is scarcely logical to categorize under the one heading of the "Middle Ages" the various centuries in which various usual and unusual forms of legal procedure were used, and to jumble together under the one title of "Criminal Jurisprudence" such various procedures as (1) Compurgation, which flourished in Germany and other northern nations of Europe down to the sixteenth century, and was formally abolished in England only in the year of grace 1833; (2) Ordeals, prohibited by Innocent III († 1216); and (3) the Wager of Battle, "which, though even more strenuously opposed by the Church, did not meet with the same hostility from the secular authorities, and is to be met with occasionally as late as the sixteenth century,"¹⁰ and in England was not formally abolished until 1819. The "Judgment of God" was appealed to when the question to be settled transcended the wisdom of men, and cannot be considered the normal method of legal procedure, whether in mediæval or in modern England. "But it was in this barbaric, bloody and revengeful way," writes Mr. Nevin, "that these people in the thirteenth century tried each other, and expected God to try themselves." "Throughout the Middle Ages," says another writer, "the theory of the law placed the burden of proof on the negative side; and it may be counted a most important step in the progress of European civilization when the Germanic idea finally gave place to the Roman maxim that it is impossible to prove a negative, and that the necessity of producing evidence lies with the accuser."¹¹

"Throughout the Middle Ages," says the last-quoted writer. The phrase is at least ambiguous; for we find Peter the Venerable replying to the strictures of St. Bernard on the monks of Clugny: "It would be proper for you who make these charges to substantiate them by some written authority, to which we must yield, and not let them rest on your bare assertion, by which we are not

¹⁰ *Trans. and Reprints*, etc., Vol. IV, No. 4.

¹¹ *Trans. and Rep.*, Vol. IV, No. 4, p. 2.

greatly moved. For thus the law requires, that he who accuses any one should prove his charge, since the burthen of proof always lies on the accuser" (Maitland's *Dark Ages*, No. xxiii). The Latin text can be found in Migne's *Patrol. Lat.*, Vol. clxxxix, col. 143. This letter of Peter's was written, not in the thirteenth century, but in the early part of the twelfth. It urges, as a well-known principle of the law, that *the burden of proof rests always with the accuser*, "*actori probatio semper incumbit.*"

This idea of contrast rather than identity of procedure should, we think, be emphasized, if we shall hope to appreciate at its best the terrible picture drawn by the grand Hymn of Judgment. Mr. Nevin's interpretation does not appeal to us as a happy one; and, without presuming to compare our layman's knowledge of "the criminal jurisprudence of the thirteenth century" with that of a lawyer discoursing on the history of his profession, we nevertheless venture to think that his statement of the features of that mediæval jurisprudence is too sweeping. The reply of Peter the Venerable (a slight portion of which we have just reproduced above) to the chapter of accusations composed by St. Bernard is a voice heard, not in "the thirteenth century," but as early as the twelfth; and it utters, as a matter of common notoriety, the great principle that "on the accuser rests the burden of proof." But however the matter be, the translation itself of the hymn is hardly affected by Mr. Nevin's interpretation. He may crowd as much legal phraseology as he well can into the English rendering, without doing violence to the sentiment of the picture—which is, after all, one of a judgment—drawn by the mediæval artist. The only thing we are now contending for is the propriety of contrasting, rather than of identifying, the dreadful conditions of the Last Assize with those of any earthly tribunal whatsoever, ancient, mediæval, or modern.

In this sixth stanza we reach the conclusion of the descriptive part of the hymn. Within the narrow limits of eighteen lines the mediæval singer has marvellously condensed the various Biblical allusions to the Last Judgment, and has constructed a picture as majestic and overpowering as the great fresco of Michelangelo.

H. T. HENRY.

Overbrook Seminary, Pa.

IRELAND'S UNIVERSITY.

MR. WYNDHAM, Ireland's present ruler, has said that his Government cannot give a Catholic University in the country over which he rules, because the Catholics there are not agreed. And they are *not* agreed.

It is useless, and not honest to deny this, whatever pie-crust there may have been in the promises of politicians. At the same time, the very disagreement among Irish Catholics disproves in part the old-time insolence of "nobody believes in the existence in Ireland of the independent Roman Catholic layman." In the speech of an Irish lay-convert, Sir Henry Bellingham, about the proposed university, we read that "it was absurd to talk about priestly domination in this matter; and the statement was only used as a weapon to throw dust in the eyes of the lowest class of ignorant Protestants in Belfast and in England, who imagined that no lay Catholic had any opinion of his own."

Now, to begin with, some things must be clearly kept in mind. There are two universities in Ireland; and yet, properly speaking, there is but one,—that is, the University of Dublin, identified since its foundation with its one college, Trinity. The Royal University is merely an examining board, with several institutions throughout the country, preparing students for its examinations. The chief of these institutions are the University College in Dublin (once the Catholic University), and the Queen's College in Belfast, Cork, and Galway (once forming the now suppressed Queen's University).

Catholics freely go up for the "Royal" examinations, and receive degrees. Very few, probably no more than from 5 to 10 per cent. of its students, go to Trinity College. But no religious tests exist there these thirty years and more; and the last "fellow" elected on its foundation is a Catholic. The latest offer of Trinity College to the Catholic bishops was for the college to provide a Catholic chapel within its walls, on equal footing with the Protestant one. This offer was summarily rejected.

The bishops' own proposals are, first, a college within the University of Dublin on an equality with Trinity College; secondly, a college fully equipped and endowed, with residences for students,

to form part of the Royal University; or, thirdly, a separate Catholic University. In all cases, the endowment is to come from the State.

A Catholic college or university means, the bishops say, an institution as Catholic as Trinity College is Protestant: open to all, but with a Catholic ideal, spirit, and tradition. The government of the new institution would be, according to the episcopal admissions, in the hands of a board with a lay majority; and no claims would be made for the endowment of a theological faculty. If that is denominational, why, they fairly ask, is the corresponding Trinity of to-day, with its Divinity School, not more denominational still?

In *Irish Catholicism and British Liberalism*, Matthew Arnold held a brief for a Catholic university in some such sense, and thus expounded the case he so often pleaded:—

“The Irish Catholics, who are the immense majority in Ireland, want a Catholic university. Elsewhere, both Catholics and Protestants have universities, where their sons may be taught by persons of their own religion. Catholic France allowed the Protestants of Alsace to have the Protestant University of Strassburg; Protestant Prussia allows the Catholics of the Rhine Province to have the Catholic University of Bonn. True, at Strassburg, men of any religious persuasion might be appointed to teach anatomy or chemistry; true, at Bonn there is a Protestant faculty of theology, as well as a Catholic, [and at Strassburg is now, since 1903, a solemnly inaugurated Catholic theological faculty, as well as a Protestant]. But I call Strassburg a Protestant and Bonn a Catholic university, in this sense: that religion and the matters mixed up with religion are taught in the one by Protestants, and in the other by Catholics. This is the guarantee which ordinary parents desire, and this at Bonn and Strassburg they get. The Protestants of Ireland have in Trinity College, Dublin, a university where the teachers in all those matters which afford a debatable ground between Catholic and Protestant are Protestant. The Protestants of Scotland have universities of a like character. In England, the members of the English Church have, in Oxford and Cambridge, universities where the teachers are almost wholly Anglican. Well, the Irish Catholics ask to be allowed the same thing.”¹

¹ *Mixed Essays*. p. 101.

To this the reply would probably be made that it is one thing to accept the result of the past in a Scotland, the overwhelming majority of whose possible university students would be Presbyterian, or in an England, where a great majority likewise would be Anglican, and to accept the institutions already existing, with their position and goods more or less honestly come by, to which they have pretty fair prescriptive rights anyway, whatever be the bearing thereon of "the Scottish Church case" of our day. It is another thing to found a university in a country where it is doubtful whether the Catholic three-quarters would at present furnish very many more students than are furnished by the Protestant one-quarter. Can it be fairly said by Catholics, "We are the nation"? What if American Protestants said this? Yet Protestants are a quarter in Ireland; and Catholics are not a quarter in the United States. And further, Protestants in Ireland have nearly all the land, and most of the wealth, with its consequent advantages, and the proportionately more general demand for higher education. *Nous n'avons pas encore changé tout cela.*

But, to justify our Irish plea, are we sure there is really the firm base of no possibility whatever for Irishmen having in a renewed and modernized Trinity College "religion and matters mixed up with religion taught by persons of their own religion?"

Mr. John Dillon gave last December some German experiences illustrating what Matthew Arnold explained to his earlier generation. In Baden, as Mr. Dillon notes, Heidelberg is "Protestant," Freiburg "Catholic." "In Freiburg there is a Catholic faculty of theology, and all the professors who teach philosophy and morals are Catholics; but many of the other professors are Protestant, and, as a matter of fact, I chanced to get an introduction to the Professor of English Philosophy, who had just been called from the Protestant University of Strassburg, and who told me that there was no objection to Protestants, and no difficulty about Protestant teaching, though Freiburg is universally recognized to be a Catholic University." Would there be less "difficulty" if Trinity became a "Catholic" Bonn with two faculties; even if it were no longer a double-facultied "Protestant" Strassburg? This is what we shall consider.

We know it is maintained that Trinity College blocks the way

toward what is desirable, *i.e.*, a National University,² because the authorities of Trinity are not willing to have another college, forming with it the University of Dublin. To all intents and purposes Trinity College has been the University; and admitting another college is giving up the rule of its own house. At the foundation of the university, it is true, there was a thought of another college; and in the possible future such a one there might be. That also is true. Indeed—as the 1903 Royal Commission's evidence recalls—the Catholic Relief Act (when, under Grattan's Protestant Parliament, the franchise was granted to Catholics in 1793) enabled Roman Catholics “to take degrees and hold professorships in a university college, subject, however, to two conditions: first, that the college should be thereafter founded, thus excluding [Catholics] from Trinity College; and secondly, that it should be a member of the university. Therefore, the provision then contemplated for the education of Roman Catholics was a college in the University of Dublin, not being Trinity College.”

And the 1591 charter itself is: “*Unum Collegium Mater Universitatis . . . quod erit et vocabitur Collegium Sanctae et Individuae Trinitatis.*”

The present Protestant Archbishop of Armagh, Dr. Alexander, has favored this plan of a sister, if not a daughter college. He himself is an Irishman,—but a graduate of Oxford. At a recent General Synod of his Church he declared for what he thought might be called the “University of Ireland”; and he noted that “The examination of the Royal Commission has brought out one or two pieces of evidence from Roman Catholic gentlemen of eminence. One, that of a prelate, Limerick, reveals a mind of remarkable power, faultless in reasoning, passionate and pathetic, rising at times to almost tragical interest, or touching with a lash that cuts like a knife. I should gather that, while he would prefer the foundation of a new University for Roman Catholics, he is most strongly hostile to the plan that I have mentioned. The other witness is a man of whom his Church, his University (Dublin), and his country are proud; who possesses the impartial spirit of a great magistrate, the severe discipline of varied

² Bishop of Raphoe's speech at the laying of the foundation stone of his diocesan college in 1904.

studies, and the sweet reasonableness that would respect everything that is reasonable. Every brick in the structure of his argument has been rung and measured before it was laid. The ideal solution, according to the Lord Chief Baron (Palles),³ is the establishment of a College as Roman Catholic as Trinity College is Protestant, affiliated with, and a constituent of, Dublin University. He proves that the advantages would be threefold,—first, the bringing together of students of different denominations ; secondly, the magic and prestige of a university that would be open to all Irishmen ; thirdly, the level of university education kept up to a high standard.”

And it is thus, too, that Trinity College was included in Lord Dunraven's lately proposed scheme ; which, however, suggested Queen's College, Belfast, for another constituent in a new university. And Trinity College was to be paid for becoming a part, not the whole. Bishop O'Dwyer, of Limerick, as mentioned above, gave evidence against such a plan, and he has written :—

“Then, I think it most unfair to Trinity College. They have a University of the very highest type. If it were a Catholic institution, not £10,000 a year, nor all the money in the Treasury, would induce me to surrender my charter, and break with my history, give up my status, and go into federation with two colleges, one of them a Queen's College, and another *in nubibus*. Well, what I would not accept as a Catholic, I am not going to force on my Protestant fellow-countrymen. I shall do my best for ourselves ; but I shall try to do so, as long as I can, without hurting the interests, or wounding the feelings of any section of my fellow-countrymen.”

He does add : “But if Trinity College or its friends take up the position that they will not admit a Catholic College into Dublin University, and will equally oppose a university or a college for Catholics in another university”—the plan which the bishop himself favors—“they must only blame themselves if trouble comes upon them.”

Bishops Catholic and bishops Protestant, therefore, differ, in Ireland, as to how university education may be gained for the whole country. The Protestant Primate declared that only after

³ One of the three Irish Catholic judges, who all are from Trinity College. There are thirteen Protestant judges.

long months of groping could he see his way to that best ground (as he thought), of Trinity College with a new college, forming the University. But his colleagues will not stand there as a body with him; and if the Catholic bishops would be willing so to stand, were the ground offered them, yet some would prefer to take up other ground, where would be formed a new university, leaving Trinity alone.

Within Trinity College itself a strong opposition was roused against her absorption. It is said that when a prominent don favored it, he killed his chance for the Provostship of the College, a post soon afterwards vacant, and worth some \$20,000 a year. The cry raised within the College was the familiar one, that it is open; let all come; we are not Protestant; Catholic students have no complaint to make; we all live here happily. And so on. This is indeed the ideal that Trinity College has not unfairly formed; the realization of which has not come, because few Catholic students have entered it. Perhaps some of us will be thinking of how happy and comfortable the panther would be with the hind inside. Anyway, no amount of passionate declaiming, of eloquent denunciations, of bland or fatuous self-content, of earnest longing or theorizing, will alter the fact, that Trinity College, so far as it has any religious aspect, is still as it was, Protestant. The Protestant chapel is before you, as you enter the first quadrangle; with its daily services, its formal Sunday scene of Provost, Fellows and students in surplices, its sermons by heads of the Divinity School, integral part as that is of the university. These preachers and theological teachers, strong against Rome, by word and writing, are the teachers, on week days, of philosophy and ethics. The whole thing recalls Thomas Moore's diary as a Trinity College student, and his remarks on his final abandonment, when there, of the irksome practice of confession just before he mentions his pleasing Protestant parson tutor. If the modern tutor is more likely to be a layman—a lay Provost has now been appointed, the first in a hundred years⁴—he is

⁴ There were two lay Provosts in the eighteenth century: Andrews (1758-1774), and Hely Hutchinson (1774-1794). And there seems to have been three lay Provosts at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and not long after the founding of the College.

none the less ignorantly, if not bigotedly unsympathetic with the religious world of his Catholic pupil.

But let us change all that, as has been suggested above, and force or lead Trinity College to realize the ideal it has formed with our transforming selves within it. Let us make claim for large grants to its transformed self, in touch with a whole people, having active interest in all that concerns the country's well-being, in all things material, and in things imaginative also. Let us have no plans of a university with colleges in various places; that vain thing fondly invented. Let us have no plans of another college in the University of Dublin; even were the consent of Trinity to such a thing a possibility; because the separation will be more or less for religious reasons; there will not be the common interest that may indeed exist between Oxford and Cambridge colleges, to which men go by chance, as it were, and between which there are no barriers of a separate preparatory training and education; whose members constantly meet, too, in lecture rooms, in common societies and clubs, and in games. This ideal, that a Catholic bishop and a Protestant archbishop have, of a national university, of all going to Trinity College, and making it what it says it would be,—let us realize it. If we transform it, that will be what Trinity willed. Perhaps we ought to say—though in no bitter spirit, but in generous emulation, and in love and hope for truth and justice—if we do *not* transform it, that will not be our fault.

Such is an ideal within our reach. We shall not then be going to Trinity College as it is, but to a college with a Catholic chapel and all things provided, with a Catholic faculty of theology, with Catholic professors of philosophy, if not of history. “Bless thee! . . . thou art translated.” The present lay Provost, Dr. Traill, has not spoken sympathetically—perhaps that were for him impossible—but he has written boldly that it will require an Act of Parliament to make Trinity College give up its theological faculty. He adds allusions to the offer to put Catholics in the same position as Protestants, which implies (whether the Provost can—I say this because he should have been as explicit on this point as on the former—bear to contemplate it or not) a Catholic faculty of theology also. What he says, however, is probably true, that—

“The whole secularist policy, based either upon some unworthy jealousy, or some hatred of all religion, is simply a secularist propaganda, which never has been, and never will be accepted in Ireland. If there is one thing upon which all denominations in this country are agreed, it is that education shall not be divorced from religion. Some, no doubt, carry this doctrine to extremes; but that it is a fact cannot be ignored or gainsaid, and any policy which runs counter to this fact is bound to fail and come to grief. Let us consider the matter a little more closely. Has there ever been in the histories of universities a case where, even after a revolution, an ancient university has ceased to have a theological faculty? After every search, I can find none. I find examples where they have been doubled, and others where they have been changed, but none where they have been expelled.”

It would certainly take long, following the usual order of things, for rulers in the highest places of Trinity College to be Catholics. But even for that, provision, in the meantime, might be made. Is it impossible? And in any case, would not the mass of Catholic students of necessity demand wary walking from the most self-confident old-timer? Might the very majority of students be Catholics? The possibility of which thing has actually suggested, as must be mentioned, a revival of the old difficulty under new faces. As long ago as September, 1847, in the *Dublin Review*, Judge O'Hagan—after a distinguished course in Trinity College, and having at first, on leaving college, been strong for mixed education, though acknowledging, in himself, lack of “depth of faith,” wrote:—

“The education would not be altered,—not at least until Catholics had such a majority in the governing body of the College that they could direct it according to their pleasure; and if such a contingency came about, the changes they would introduce might possibly be as unjust to the religion of Protestants as the present system is to Catholics. The Protestant atmosphere would not be altered, unless everything connected with religion at all was summarily banished from the College, which [putting the Catholics out of the question] would be an injustice to Protestants who do not desire education without religion. But in any case we could not consent to having our Dublin University like London. The fact is, that in our age and country it is not merely the

effect of anti-Catholic instruction, but the absence of positive Catholic instruction that is to be dreaded."

And to-day Mr. Balfour, to whose truth and loyalty in this matter Irish Catholic bishops from time to time have borne hearty witness, condemns flooding Trinity College with Catholics—we know he would found a University to which Catholics would be allowed to go—and he thinks it "a great advantage that in a country predominantly Catholic there should be a centre of Protestant teaching to which Protestant parents could send their sons without fear." He submitted to the charge of being "a bigoted Protestant," so far as not to desire to obliterate the Protestant character of Trinity College. That it has that character now, Mr. Balfour at least is not absurd enough to deny. But those whose spokesman we are for the moment would say (if they were in America), that it is no use "borrowing trouble." They might say further, that Irish Catholicism has no persecuting past to revert to; and that universities founded in peace are likely to ensue in it, if let alone. Anyway, to repeat, what is the likelihood of any overwhelming majority of the Irish university-going classes being Catholic?

And yet, that they have Trinity College within their power is felt and unfortunately feared by some Presbyterians, a prominent minister connected with the Royal University assuring us that he deprecated Catholics going to Trinity, for that in a short time they would have it all their own way, "and we should be asking to get out." We need not draw the Presbyterian professor's conclusion; but his words would be weighed. They expressed, he told me, the feeling of many of his younger colleagues.

And now, on December 8th last—a date of good omen—nearly the best-known voice from Trinity College, Dr. Mahaffy's, was heard at the Dublin Mansion House, where the Catholic Nationalist Lord Mayor presided, and listened to Mr. John Dillon, to Dr. Walter McDonald, of Maynooth, and to the voice from Trinity College.

"No one regretted," said Dr. Mahaffy, "more than he did, the small number of Catholics who had taken degrees in Trinity College,—for he did not believe that Trinity College was safe until

a much larger number of Catholics took their degrees there, and were content to take them. But when he looked at the long series of distinguished men, beginning with Chief Baron Palles, and ending with his friend, Mr. Kelleher, who got his Fellowship the other day,—to think that these men were not to be utilized for the education of the youth of Ireland appeared to him to be a monstrous state of things. It had been said that, whatever great National University they might create, the Catholic atmosphere was to be made by the students sent there. Well, they could turn the atmosphere of Trinity College into a Catholic atmosphere if they liked. . . . Though it was founded on too narrow a basis—and no one regretted it more than he did—still it was a great Irish institution, and whatever claim they might make in the future, they must reckon with Trinity to help them and not to oppose them.”

These may be new words. But take them as true words. And what then? Are they a sign of the most recent times? For, what had the priest said before the minister? No wonder Dr. Mahaffy remarked that it was important to hear a well-known Maynooth professor declare that he thought “*many of the bishops would be inclined to think that if they had no effective control over the professors in the proposed new university, it might be better for them to make terms with Trinity College, and the Queen's College, and to make use at once of the remedies that might exist.* In that latter view,” said the priest, “I am inclined to sympathize; for the reasons that the suggested new university is not likely to be a successful remedy, and that in any case it is not likely to come within a time making it worth while to toil to get it.”

Mr. Dillon's argument is, indeed, that in a country chiefly Catholic, a National University would have to be as the country. His words apply, do they not, to a Trinity College used by the Catholic majority, even though, we may allow, they would apply yet more fully to a new institution with an even more Catholic constituency? If Mr. Dillon says Trinity College's traditions are anti-National, do not let him forget many a great patriotic name there. And, anyway, its past, such as it is, has entered into the history of the nation. Its past is not all the National history. No more are the bards and the hedge-schoolmasters, and all the

persecuted. We cannot undo the past. It is Jacobin-like folly to ignore it, as if a nation could ever start afresh.

Trinity College, when first opened by Fawcett's Act, in 1873, did make offers to provide, within the walls, for the teaching of Catholic students by priests. Perhaps even then, had the Catholics desired it, arrangements might have been gradually made to have a chapel and all that would be offered now. As to teaching, a Catholic bishop at the Royal Commission went so far, in his evidence concerning the proposed new college or university, as to say that, while philosophy had to do with opinions and might require two professors, history had to do with facts, and could be taught by one.

All that has been noted here, of these plans and facts, has to do with clerical students as well as lay. And the same Protestant Archbishop already mentioned⁵ alluded to this :

“With regard to the study of theology in universities, I desire to offer a few remarks. In any country of different religious persuasions the solution which has been arrived at in Germany is, I think, the only one possible. There are two departments of the theological faculty. The question which every aspirant to a degree must answer is simply, ‘to which cult do you belong, the Roman Catholic or Reformed?’ Thus in every [*sic*] theological faculty there are two theological departments, each with its own staff of professors and teachers. In one university at least—Bonn—there are also two professors of history. You will observe that the University School of Theology is not a professional school for making priests or ministers.”

But Trinity College was evidently misinformed when it inferred that the Catholic bishops as a whole “do not wish their clergy to be educated in company with their laity.” And the present Provost should weigh and consider their words before he judges heatedly in so grave a matter, to the prejudice of his cause. We know now that the taking away of the lay students from Maynooth was the act of a Government; because the laity, it said, were being made too clerical, and because Trinity College would be deprived of students. And at the present time, the Bishop of Limerick’s “own personal feeling is to bring the clergy actually into

⁵ Dr. Alexander.

contact with the laity of the country while they are being educated"; while the Archbishop of Tuam, who himself was a member of the Royal Commission on this university question, has just ordered that all his ecclesiastical students must pass their examinations for degrees in the Royal University, expressing his regret, evidently, that they cannot have a university education in a more proper sense. Dr. O'Dwyer and Dr. Healy are certainly spokesmen among their brethren, whether these all see eye to eye with them or not. The former speaks bitterly of the disadvantages of purely professional studies for the Irish Catholic clergy. He contrasts "the Protestant clergy throughout England," who

"have been the fellow students of the laity. Their distinguished ecclesiastics have not been brought up in water-tight compartments away from the rest of their fellow-countrymen; and in after-life they bring to the discharge of their duties characters broadened and strengthened by the free air of the universities in which they have been educated. In Scotland . . . there is a rule requiring every candidate for the Presbyterian ministry to study for two years in one or other of the universities. . . . It is quite true that the system of education that is necessary for our Catholic priests is very different from that of the Protestant clergy of various denominations. The greater relative importance in it of professional over general studies, and the large part which is covered by the formation of character and habit, by special spiritual training, makes the segregation of Catholic ecclesiastical students, in separate colleges, a regular part of the Church's discipline. But that is no justification for cutting them off totally and absolutely from all share in the life and culture of a university; and the invidious distinction which is thus drawn in this Catholic country, between our priesthood and the Protestant clergy of England, Ireland, and Scotland, is one of the most galling evidences of the practical ascendancy of Protestantism which still survives, seventy years after we are supposed to have been emancipated. . . . It is no answer to say that Maynooth is endowed. Maynooth is not a university; it is an ecclesiastical seminary,—almost exclusively devoted to professional studies; but it is in no sense an equivalent for a university."

With this Bishop agrees the priest-professor quoted again below:—

“Most of us feel that there are many subjects, necessary for clerics, which cannot be taught satisfactorily in our colleges. To take one example, Science. I think no one would say that our Mathematics course, and especially our Physics course, is at all satisfactory. As regards such extensions of science to life as Botany and Philosophy [*sic*], why, they are never thought of. Yet students are taught Psychology, to give one example out of many, and read about the soul and its faculties, about the body and its organs, without understanding a great part of what they learn. That is why Philosophy, the science of sciences, is for them a huge effort of memory, a necessary evil for a year or two, to be learned unwillingly, and to be gladly forgotten. Try how much knowledge have they got from contact with the most elevated subjects that ever exercised merely human wisdom, and you will find it small indeed. . . . I believe myself that Philosophy, as taught in our colleges, far from making our students think, confirms them, at a most critical period of their lives, in the bad habit of using their memory at the expense of their judgment. . . . And, as for having, at the end of their course, a comprehensive view of the doctrines of Theology, and of their relations to one another, it is the exception when it should be the rule. . . . Our colleges, with their limited means, cannot altogether correct this evil, and very often serve only to increase it. A university alone, with all the modern ideas of teaching, can overcome it. What I have said about the study of Philosophy and Theology could be said with at least as much truth about the usual methods of studying Sacred Scripture; and that, too, in the face of recent discoveries, and of the learning of our opponents. It is the university that must help to remedy all this. . . . That we clergy may be able to cope with the spirit of secularism, we must show the educated classes that we have as much learning and intelligence as they have themselves; we must study with them, mix with them, read the same course, and take the same degrees. In this way we shall not only win their respect, but we shall come in closer contact with them; mutual esteem will be the result; and a closer union between the clergy and laity will strengthen our hands against the enemies of the Faith. . . . Then at last shall we be freed from the stigma of being almost the ‘Ultima Thule’ of the Catholic literary world.”

It is quite true, however, that one of the youngest of the bishops, Dr. O’Dea, of Clonfert, a former Maynooth professor,

does not think it possible, nor even perhaps desirable, that the bulk of Maynooth students should frequent the accepted university college in Dublin, whatever that be. Nor does he think the bishops will see their way to send them.⁶ On the other hand, a later bishop, of 1904, Dr. Fogarty, of Killaloe, also, after having a long service at Maynooth, has deplored publicly the loss, to the intelligent and zealous students he knew there, of having no university training,—something this young Bishop seems only ardently to desire for all of them.

Let no one amongst us fantastically think, now, if the Catholics were to settle the matter by founding a university, with their own money—if one of their rich men were to found one—that it is illegal in modern British Ireland, or that it will not have all rights and privileges accorded by the State. And this university let them found, if, says an Irish Protestant bishop this year, “the Catholics wish to be a peculiar people apart.”

It will be readily seen that there the question is the old one, that ever goes its weary way between those who hold that you can have education neutral as to religion—that hard-dying lie, as in *La Chambre des députés* the frank anti-religious Socialist, M. Viviani, calls it—and those who hold you cannot, at any time or in any place, have any such thing.⁷ But we are looking here, not to a neutral “godless” college, as Protestants first called a secular university in Ireland, but to a German-like, double university; to Germany, which puts religion in every school, and not to France.

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(To be continued.)

⁶ Vide his brochure, *Maynooth and the University Question*. Dublin: Browne & Nolan; 6d.

⁷ It is almost a pleasure to quote his plain words (in M. Janrès' Socialist paper, *L'Humanité*): “To frame individual morality on a purely secular foundation is to deliver children from superstitious heresies; it destroys the morality connected with heavenly rewards, and binds the child's conscience to humanity alone.”

American Ecclesiastical History.

THE WORK OF MOTHER VERONICA, Foundress of the Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion.

(Continued.)¹

THE idea of founding a religious community whose members were to bind themselves by regular vows to continue the charitable works inaugurated under the direction of Father Preston, had, as we have said, nothing strange in it to the mind of Mrs. Starr, whose actual mode of living differed little from that of a nun devoting her time to the service of the poor, the ignorant, and the sick. The interior spirit in which she made this service contribute to her personal sanctification, as well as to that of those who labored with her in the same field, would have called for no change of purpose. It is true she was still "in the world," as the term is understood when we speak of community life in which the principle and exercise of charity are not confined and accompanied by fixed forms of devotion, and under the canonical restraint of a discipline which controls all the external acts of the individual. But her heart was striving after perfection with the same singleness of aim which characterized the great saints in their early efforts to please God by the practice of self-sacrifice and the extension of the Kingdom of Heaven through active charity.

There had hitherto been also certain ties which bound her to guard the home of her family, and which were of a nature not to be set aside by what is understood to be the higher law of perfection in the acceptance of the evangelical counsels. At her husband's death she was left with the care of two little sons. Had God at that time placed before her the alternative of devoting herself to the training of these two children or of renouncing all to follow Him, she would probably have had no hesitation in making the greater sacrifice. But it was not simply a question of sacrificing her affection for them, it was a question also of preserving them from impressions that might injure their future life,

¹ See THE DOLPHIN, Jan., page 76.

and no one could feel and meet this responsibility better than she. She owed them in the first place that charity which she was ever prompted and ready to give to the outcast child in the streets of the large city; and with the good sense that always distinguishes really holy people she assumed this duty without lessening her devotion to others who were in similar need of care for soul and body. It was with a view of facilitating this twofold obligation of attending to the education of her children, so far as this became a personal task, and of directing the organization of the House of the Holy Family, that she took a residence in close proximity to the latter.² Thus her time was closely divided in the service of her children, and of those sadder orphans to whom she sought to be mother in the higher sense of the word. But when she had accomplished the duty of the Christian mother in its truest sense, and saw that her children were both in the way of being established in a career where it was possible for them to make right use of the noble legacy of Christian principles which she had bequeathed to them by her teaching and example, she gave herself wholly to work that would reclaim the waif and the wayward.

The fact that in 1881 Father Preston had, in consideration of his services as Vicar General of the New York archdiocese, been tendered the dignity of Domestic Prelate to Pope Leo XIII, whilst it did not alter the canonical status of the good priest or increase his ecclesiastical powers, yet served to strengthen the confidence in his guidance, and brought with it also a certain influence which was likely to forestall many difficulties which ordinarily accompany the first foundation of a new Religious Order. He undertook with infinite patience and care to draw up the Rules and Constitution by which the new society was to be governed. It is not necessary here to repeat those grand and abiding maxims upon which the strife after perfection by mutual service of charity and forbearance, no less than by prayer and mortification, is based "in the religious life, as the masters of spirituality have taught us." The main outlines of the spiritual organism which is to promote the various forms of active charity are readily sketched, inasmuch as they are determined by the char-

² This was in 1882. The House of the Holy Family was No. 136 Second Avenue; her own was No. 134.



REAR VIEW OF CHURCH, SHOWING APSE.

acter of the principal works to be undertaken on the part of the members, either singly or in union, but always under one directing spirit. And the means by which this organism is kept in a healthy and perfect condition is "entire consecration to our Lord," so that the members are continually drawn to "follow Him and Him only, in seeking and saving the erring and the miserable."

The keynote of the Rules, as well as the inspiration of the entire Constitution, is "The Divine Compassion." It is this beautiful image of a supernatural sympathy which animates all the enterprises of the Institute and operates within and without the precincts of the conventual life. The intimate study of the Sacred Heart becomes thus the daily occupation of each religious, whilst the imitation of the Good Shepherd in seeking the lost lambs and tenderly caring for them must be the abiding labor of the community, in harmony with the impulses of compassion which is not merely human and sentimental, but prompted by the supernatural motives of the Divine Master who rules and guides the Institute. In this sense we read that "the Sisters are taught to be the instruments of His mercy, to breathe the spirit of His gentleness, and to draw their religious life from the tenderness of His heart. If they can imitate Him, if they can speak His words and convey His piety to those who sadly need it, they will be following His dear footsteps who left the ninety and nine that never sinned to seek the wanderer, who sought the desert, to bring back to His Father's house the sheep that was lost."

The principal officers of the Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion are : an Ecclesiastical Superior General,³ a Mother Superior General,⁴ an Assistant, a Mistress of Novices, and a Treasurer. There are, as in all other religious institutes, numerous minor offices.

The body of the Sisterhood is divided into three grades. In the first are numbered those whom the society finds most suitable for its major labors of teaching and guiding the children of the House of the Holy Family, and from whose ranks the general officers of the Sisterhood are chosen. These are called the Choir

³ This office was held by Monsignor Preston until his death in 1891.

⁴ Mother Veronica held the office from 1886, the year of the Sisterhood's foundation, until her death in August, 1904.

Sisters. Next in order are those whose duty it is to assist the Choir Sisters in somewhat the same manner as the coadjutor priests coöperate with the professed Fathers of the Society of Jesus. This class is called the "Little Sisters." The last division consists of the "Out Sisters," or those who transact all outside business for the community. Just as the three grades differ in duty and responsibility, so the religious habit which they wear distinguishes them externally, one from the other. The Choir Sisters, in order that they might ever be mindful of their special consecration to the Compassionate Heart of Jesus, wear a habit of black woolen material, with a narrow band of crimson—symbolic of Precious Blood—around the edge. The head is covered with a black veil which falls to the ground at the back. The coif and bandeau are of white material. The cincture is black, and from it depends a fifteen decade rosary, to which is attached a medal bearing on one side an image of our Divine Saviour, with His hands bound,—emblematic of the virtue of obedience; around the edge of the medal runs the beautifully characteristic inscription: *Compassio Divina Amantissimi Jesu*. The reverse of the medal shows a figure of Our Blessed Lady of Sorrows, and the words: *Mater Dolorosa, dulcedo, spes nostra*. The crucifix worn by the nuns is of silver, and bears on the back the inscription: *Divina Compassio Domini Nostri Jesu Christi sit in cordibus nostris*. The second band of workers who vow their service to the divine work of Compassion is that of the "Little Sisters." Their dress does not differ from that of the choir nuns, except in this that, being consecrated to the Compassionate Heart of Mary, the band around the edge of the gown is blue instead of red. The "Out Sisters," or those who attend to all business matters, which must bring the community into direct contact with the outside world, are dressed in a habit of black material with a purple edge, and, when on the street, wear a cape which falls below the waist. The form of this habit indicates in a manner that these members, whilst they form an intimate part of the community, one with it in spirit and action, and enjoying the religious privileges of the other members of the Society, yet their state of religious life must, in a manner, remain concealed from the eyes of the world, in order that they may be enabled to carry out undisturbed, and with greater facility, their

special duties. Thus, according to the intention of Monsignor Preston, this class of Sisters would attract no special attention in public, but rather appear like ladies of moderate means, who dress quietly and with a certain disregard of prevailing costume or fashion. It follows from the particular purpose which inspired this latter distinction in dress, that the habit of the "Out Sisters" might be changed at any time as necessity demands or prudence suggests.

The new Rule had thus been carefully prepared by Monsignor Preston. It required only the approbation of the Ordinary in order that arrangements for its immediate application to community life might be made. On May 28, 1886, the Most Reverend Michael Augustine Corrigan, who had during the previous year become Archbishop as successor *cum jure* of the deceased Cardinal McCloskey, gave his blessing and solemn approbation to the Rules and Constitution of the "Sisters of the Divine Compassion." Although there could be no doubt as to who should be the first Superior of the new religious community, Mrs. Starr was far from considering herself in any other light than that of a simple co-laborer in the work which she had indeed begun and thus far done largely upon her trust in the sincerity of her purpose; and while she had actually led the destinies of the "Holy Family" work for so many years, and felt that in yielding gladly to the suggestion of her spiritual director to assume the religious vow, she would only bind herself more closely to the task she really loved for the sake of her Divine Master, yet she felt that there was a difference in the responsibility which should come to her were she to undertake not only the direction of the work, but also the government of a community whose members she would be bound by a sacred pledge to lead at the same time to their individual perfection. However, Monsignor Preston, acting immediately under authority from the Archbishop, prevailed upon her, simply and submissively to accept the evident designs of Providence in assuming the general Superiorship of the new religious institute.

Confident that the blessing of God had come upon all the work she had done during the twenty years of her conversion, and assured by Monsignor Preston that our Heavenly Father could not but assist her in so noble a work, she promptly and humbly

accepted the trust placed in her, and remained as the head of the society until she went to receive her reward from the hand of God. Her name in religion was Mother Mary Veronica. A few words taken from a sketch of Mother Veronica's life, written by herself in obedience to Monsignor Preston, forcibly tell us how eagerly she and the other happy souls awaited the day when they were to receive the habit of the newly instituted Order. "June came," she said, "and still Monsignor Preston could not appoint a day,—the great day. But early in the month, he said: 'The second of July is the Feast of the Sacred Heart this year, and the feast of the Visitation,—that shall be the day.' Then we both looked in the calendar to see what day of the week it was, and we found it was the first Friday in July. So, there was the Sacred Heart, the Precious Blood, and our Blessed Mother all coming together the same day for the birth of our Sisterhood. Oh! what a day it was to our souls,—to us who had watched and waited and prayed for sixteen years! And when it came, it was like the birth of the little Child in Bethlehem."

What the new life meant for the young community only those can understand who have made the sacrifice, irrevocably sealing the compact between the soul and God, to serve Him body and soul under whatever hardships, with a firm trust in the Heavenly Bridegroom to whom the heart is espoused. How grateful Mother Veronica felt for the coöperation she received on every side may be gleaned from a letter which she writes the following year to thank those faithful laborers, one and all, whose hearty coöperation and sympathy had sustained her efforts and lightened the burdens of the Institution.

"We must speak here of those who from the beginning have never failed, and to whose untiring zeal and generosity the Institution is in a great degree indebted for its existence. For eighteen years they have worked together with the utmost devotion and unanimity of purpose, and it is worthy of note that there has never been a shadow of misunderstanding or disunion to mar the harmony of their work. May the tie that had bound them thus together, remain unbroken until the end! They have aided in establishing a work whose foundations have been laid in silent, patient, unostentatious charity. We believe that the work will stand and with it their names will be held in grateful remem-



CRYPT OF THE CHURCH OF THE DIVINE COMPASSION, GOOD COUNSEL—TOMB OF THE FOUNDER, MONSIGNOR PRESTON.

brance. Their reward, too, will be great ; for, directly or indirectly, they have been the means of ‘ turning many to justice.’ Of the souls that have been saved during these eighteen years, who shall speak ? Of the thousands that have passed through the Institution, receiving, according to their capacity, the benefits conferred upon them, who shall tell the history ? Much of it is known to God alone ; but what is known to us would fill volumes ; and these volumes would tell of children rescued from an atmosphere of crime and depravity, who, saved and grown to womanhood, are now good wives and mothers. They would tell of young girls, who, led to ruin by vanity or their own hearts, have been restored to virtue, and, with a higher model before them, have begun life over again. They would tell of families reunited, whom sin had separated. They would tell of souls consecrated to God, who think one life too little in which to make reparation of the past ; and, finally, they would tell of souls purified even here by suffering and tears, and who are now, we believe, in the enjoyment of a blessed eternity. We have seen miracles far greater than those in which the lame walk and the blind see. We have beheld miracles of conversion and miracles of perseverance, and these so manifestly the work of God that we could only adore His power and compassion, while we acknowledged our own nothingness.”

The Sisters had been living next to the House of the Holy Family since the establishment of their Order, but Mother Veronica saw in the growth of her Community the necessity of a separate and larger building where the daily religious life of the Sisters could be carried on more thoroughly. Aided by a gift from Monsignor Preston, she purchased in the spring of 1890 twelve acres of land situated at White Plains, N. Y. This property consisted of well-cultivated farming land, a fine old country mansion with beautiful lawns and shade trees and well-stocked orchards. After the mansion had been renovated, and most of its costly furniture sold in order to meet expenses, the Sisters took possession of it, and gave to it the name of “ Good Counsel.” The main object of the purchase, besides giving the Sisters proper accommodations, was to erect a home for the wards of the Association, where in fairer light and softer air they might be more easily drawn to the better and higher paths of life. “ Good Counsel ” henceforth became the mother-house and the novi-

tiate of the Sisterhood, and it was an abode which by its very name suggested happy forecasts of the blessed work to be done within its precincts.

Mother Veronica had formed a plan which she mentioned to Monsignor Preston, namely, to transfer the principal work of the Order from the city to the country. This necessitated the erection of a new building near the mother-house. The ever-helping hand of Providence again came to her aid in the form of a legacy left to her in the estate of a friend, and with this as a foundation she commenced the building of the "Good Counsel Training School" for girls, which was completed in the autumn of 1891. But success simply would not be the sign of the Divine approval. Those who had devoted themselves to following their Heavenly Spouse were to know Him by the presence of sorrow as well as by the power that protects from real harm. The new edifice of the Training School had been practically completed when God called home the one man who had fostered the first germs and tenderly watched and cared for the growing plant until it began to yield its first fair fruits. Monsignor Preston died on November 4, 1891. He was buried from St. Patrick's Cathedral, the late Archbishop Corrigan celebrating Solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem. The scene itself was an inspiring one, and the tender sympathy of those who knew and loved the venerable priest lying before them, received fitting expression in the words of Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, who preached the funeral sermon. "It seems almost a pity," said the preacher, "that a sermon in words should disturb the still, impressive eloquence of the scene-sermon before us. Everything whispers to the intellect, heart, and imagination, and I feel my voice but silences that whisper, and that the deep, tender sounds of the Church's ritual and the Church's funeral music should alone be heard. This beautiful, widowed church, which he built and adorned, mourns over his coffin; the silent confessional, where he breathed forth pardon, peace, and consolation, speaks of him; the glorious altar, the throne of the Living God, has a voice from him as Christ's ambassador to you . . . Few, during the century which has passed, have left a greater impress upon the history of Catholicism in America than the Founder of the Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion. Gifted by

God with a keen and forcible mind, remarkable for his abilities as a preacher and controversial writer, he has left behind him, in the fruit of his life-long labors and in the character of his priestly and scholarly attainments, monuments that mark the pathway of his whole life, that will perpetuate his name and his glory, and whose results will deepen and broaden with the onward surge of time.

. . . He was above all loyal to truth wherever he found it, and though stern and unrelenting toward those whom it was his duty to reprimand and correct, he was withal gentle and affectionate, and realized the qualities which go to form the ideal gentleman—manly in strength, gentle in feeling and word—a man like Onias of old, modest in looks, gentle in manner, and graceful in speech. Dignified and courteous in all his actions, he made one feel when in his presence that he was a man, without forgetting that he was a priest of God. He never desired nor sought popularity. And the outside world which appreciates to some extent, at least, its own weakness, honors the magnanimity of the man who troubles not nor cares for its passing approval, and admires him who seeks none.” Such were in substance the words of the prelate who had known Monsignor Preston and mourned in him a lost friend.

Monsignor Preston was a voluminous writer, especially on religious subjects. Among his best known works are: *God and Reason*, a defence of natural religion from a Catholic viewpoint; *Reason and Revelation*, an apology for natural religion and revealed truth; *The Vicar of Christ*, on the supremacy of the Papacy; *The Protestant Reformation*; *Protestantism and the Bible*; *The Divine Paraclete*; *The Divine Sanctuary*, and many other writings of a devotional character.

His last wish was to be buried among his children of the Divine Compassion, but the little chapel at White Plains was not suitable for building a crypt, and his remains lay under the high altar at the Cathedral until 1897, when they were transferred, as we shall see, to the Church which Mother Veronica erected near the mother-house.

(To be continued.)

Student's Library Table.

RECENT SCIENCE.

Non-Euclidean Geometry.—In the last year's proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, published toward the end of the year by the permanent secretary, there is a very interesting discussion of some of the newer phases of geometry. The subject may seem to smack more or less of the absurd to those who are pronounced in their devotion to Euclid, but many of the higher mathematicians are deeply interested in it. Euclid is founded on certain axioms. These axioms cannot be proved, but must be accepted as the ground-work of the science of geometry. The non-Euclidean geometry is based on postulates which contradict some of these axioms of Euclid. The most celebrated of the old geometrician's axioms was the so-called parallel-postulate, which may be stated thus: two straight lines which cut one another cannot both be parallel to the same straight line. A Magyar mathematician named John Bolyai and a Russian named Lobachevski created a geometry founded not on this axiom, but on its direct contradiction. The marvel is that this new geometry turned out to be perfectly logical, true, self-consistent, and for mathematical minds at least of surpassing beauty.

As the result of this, many of the axioms that are most familiar suffer complete contradiction. For instance, through any point outside any given straight line there can be drawn an infinity of straight lines in the same plane but which nowhere meet the given line, no matter how far produced. According to Euclid the sum of the angles in every right-angle triangle is just exactly two right angles. In the new geometry on the contrary the sum of the angles in a right-angle triangle is less than two right angles. In the non-Euclidean geometry parallels always approach. According to Euclid all points equidistant from a straight line are on a straight line. In the non-Euclidean geometry all points equidistant from a straight line are on a curve called equidistantal.

These are only a few of the contradictions of apparently self-evident truths that may be worked out by non-Euclidean geometry. It would seem as though the study of this form of mathematics would not be likely to add much to the knowledge of mankind. But that remains to be seen. It has been asserted that we live in Euclidean space. As a matter of fact, however, it must not be forgotten that many of the finer requirements of Euclidean geometry are impossible of demonstration owing to the limitations of the methods we must employ. Euclidean geometry has had to be taught by the idealization of lines that were very crude, of angles that were unequal, no matter how carefully constructed, and in the face of many other mechanical impossibilities. It seems to Mr. George Bruce Halsted, who was the chairman of the section on Mathematics and Astronomy, that our actual space to-day may very well prove to be the space of Lobachevski or Bolyai, or at least some modification of what is usually called Euclidean space.

One of the curious assertions made by Professor Halsted is that the definition for a line which has usually been accepted as more or less mathematically correct, namely, that it is the shortest distance between two points, has now been given up by the higher mathematicians, who substitute for it some such learned, though not always satisfactory, expression as, a line is a portion of the circumference of a circle whose radius is infinity.

Sometimes, when one finds speculations of this kind in the midst of the more practical scientific discussions of the sections of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, one is tempted to wonder why modern scientists, as a rule, have not more sympathy with the philosophic and scientific speculations of the later mediæval period. If the divagations of nominalists and realists be compared to these highly imaginative bits of modern science, while the supposed waste of time on dialectics and in endless argumentation on strictly scholastic lines be set over against the consuming attrition of time in the technics of modern laboratory work, our mediæval brethren will not, after all, seem to have been so different from these heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time, who are prone to think that only in these later generations has man acted up to his high intelligence.

Definitions of Matter.—In his address on “ Concepts of Physical Science,” delivered at the Congress of Arts and Science at St. Louis, Professor Nichols, of Cornell University, suggests a modification of Oliver Lodge’s recent definition of electricity and his explanation of its relation to matter. For the word electricity, Nichols suggests the substitution of the word ether. “ Ether under strain, then, constitutes charge. Ether in locomotion constitutes current and magnetism. Ether in vibration constitutes light. What ether itself is, we do not know, but it may, perhaps, be a form or aspect of matter. Now, we can go one step further, and say matter is composed of ether, and of nothing else.”

It would seem, then, as though at last some basis for the concept matter, quite apart from the elements, is to be found. It has been the custom among scientists recently to speak of *prothyle*,—from the two Greek words, which would mean “ primal stuff,” and which bears, as Father Gerard has recently pointed out, a very striking similarity to the term of the schoolmen, “ prime matter.” It would, indeed, be interesting to find that not only the concept “ prime matter ” should resume its sway, but that also the substance itself, despite the vagueness with which it is conceived, should come to be recognized as manifesting itself by certain definite phenomena.

Professor Nichols says very distinctly that the evidence obtained by J. J. Thompson and other students of ionization, that electrons from different substances are identical, has greatly strengthened the conviction which, for a long time, has been in process of formation in the minds of physicists, that all matter is, in its ultimate nature, identical. This conception, necessarily speculative, has been held in abeyance by the facts regarded as established, and lying at the foundation of the accepted system of chemistry of the conservation of matter and the intransmutability of the elements. If matter is to be regarded as a product of certain operations performed upon the ether, there is no theoretical difficulty about transmutation of elements, variation of mass, or even the complete disappearance or creation of matter. From this to the mediæval position with regard to the philosopher’s stone is not very far. Evidently, human thought, even in the realm of science, is about to complete another cycle of its existence.

Progress in the History of Science.—It would seem as though all that is needed to dispel certain illusions which exist as to a supposed opposition between Science and Religion in the past is to state frankly the details of the history of Science and the lives of the great discoverers. For those who are interested in the science of the seventeenth century, and especially in what concerns the attitude of the clergy and ecclesiastical authorities of the times toward science, there is a very interesting article in the last number of the *Medical Library and Historical Journal*, Vol. II, No. 3. It will be remembered that not long before the middle of this century came the condemnation of Galileo. That this Congregational decision, however, did not mean any opposition to science on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities is very well demonstrated by the fact, as pointed out by Dr. James J. Walsh in an article on Father Kircher, S.J., in *THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW* for November, 1904, that it was a clergyman who was most active in upbuilding the science of that century, whilst they were ecclesiastical authorities who not only encouraged Father Kircher's work, but also materially contributed to the making of the collections which now form the famous Kircher Museum. Further evidence of the lack of opposition between scientists and ecclesiastics is to be found in the article in the *Library Journal* just mentioned.

It is a sketch of the life of Nicholas Steno, which was read before the medical students of St. Louis University last year by Dr. Frank Lutz, the Professor of Surgery in the University. Dr. Nicholas Steno, besides being a physician, was distinguished in other sciences, especially geology, and after a successful scientific career, became a priest and subsequently a bishop in Italy, though he was a Dane by birth. When the International Congress of Geologists met in Italy in 1883 they placed a memorial tablet in honor of Nicholas Steno in the Church of San Lorenzo, at Florence, and considered in doing so that they were honoring one of the greatest scientists of the seventeenth century. The visitor to Copenhagen, who goes through the anatomical department of the University, will be surprised to find among the portraits of distinguished anatomists one of a Catholic bishop, and will think that the churchman is in strange company. Steno's contribution to anatomy, however, was the discovery of the duct

which conducts saliva from the parotid gland, lying just in front of the ear, into the mouth.

Besides very interesting anatomical work on the mouth, Steno added some rather important details to our knowledge of brain anatomy. It is very interesting to find how much he insisted in his demonstrations to his students that anatomy, and especially the anatomy of the brain, far from leading to materialism, or even to skepticism as regards the existence of a Creator, rather confirms the notion of design in the world and of the necessity for a Creator. Something of his modesty and a charming simplicity of spirit may be judged from this extract from one of his lectures:—

“That is true anatomy from which we at first gain a knowledge of the animal body and afterwards a knowledge of God. Therefore the anatomist must not ascribe his discoveries or proofs to himself. He only presents the work of God, who not only observes him but helps him. Should you observe anything worthy of your expectations in my own demonstrations, I would ask all of you to praise with me the Divine Goodness, and to ascribe all my mistakes, both of the tongue and of the hand, to my impatience or my concealed pride.”

While studying in Italy in the hospital at Florence in 1667, Steno became a Catholic. Five years later he returned to his native country to accept the professorship of anatomy at the University of Copenhagen. Notwithstanding the fact that he was living in an intensely Protestant country, he kept up the practice of his religion, and after two years resigned his professorship and a year later became a priest with the deliberate idea of devoting himself to the conversion of the northern nations to the faith. He was undoubtedly one of the great men of science of his day, and, besides his pioneer work in anatomy, he was the first one to point out the significance of fossils in geology and also to begin the comparative anatomy of fossil bone which later developed into the science of palæontology. For his distinguished services as a clergyman he was made a bishop. One of our American historians of medicine, however, can find no better term for him than that of “a peripatetic converter of heretics.” Scientists often complain of the intolerance of ecclesiastics. The mirror might be held up to nature for themselves.

The Rotary Engine.—One of the problems that has been before the mechanical world for many years has been the invention of an engine that would not be so wasteful as in the ordinary reciprocating engine. The fact that the piston must travel backward and forward, stopping at the end of each part of the stroke and then beginning its career once more, represents a decided disadvantage that even the most unmechanical mind can recognize at once. The question has been to employ steam in such a way as to produce continuous rotary motion without the necessity for the to-and-fro motion of the present piston engine. In one form this has been solved in recent years by means of the turbine engine, the toy of two thousand years ago. Just, however, as the turbine is coming to be introduced, because of its efficiency and the lack of vibration, there comes the announcement that a rotary engine has actually been perfected rather different from the turbine in principle and yet combining all of its advantageous features.

The inventor is W. M. Hoffman, who has spent twenty years and a fortune of nearly a quarter of a million of dollars made on previous inventions in perfecting his rotary engine. It is said that the Hoffman engine can be put on the top floor of the highest building without any danger of its vibration injuring the walls. Power cost will be reduced nearly, if not quite, one half, and electric lighting can be accomplished at scarcely more than one-third the cost now necessary. There is practically no limit to the speed that may be maintained with this engine, except the molecular resistance of the steel of which it is composed. There is absolutely no vibration, no oscillation, and no sound, except that of the exhaust, while the engine occupies only one-fourth the floor-space of any other steam engine and takes in its simplest form only about three-fourths of the steam. The most noteworthy feature is the power to regulate its speed, which is almost perfect. It can be made to furnish a hundred horse-power, and in less than two seconds later, less than one horse-power. If all that is claimed for it be true, then perhaps the day of the turbine is not here yet.

The N-rays.—It is now nearly two years ago since Professor Blondlot announced the discovery of a new form of radiation to which, because of its indefinite character, he gave the name "N-rays,"—*N* being the letter familiar to mathematicians for such an

expression. His discoveries were confirmed only by certain French observers. After a time, however, the French Academy of Scientists decreed him a medal for his discovery and thus placed the seal of official recognition on his claims. German observers particularly insisted that they could not find the luminous manifestations which were supposed to demonstrate the presence of these rays. At the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science last year, still further doubt was thrown upon the new discovery. An American scientist, Professor Wood, of the Department of Physics in Johns Hopkins University, with true American enterprise, resolved to study the subject for himself in Blondlot's laboratory.

Since his return, Professor Wood has lectured on the subject at Johns Hopkins University and declared that he was not convinced in the slightest degree of the existence of such rays, but on the contrary had come to the conclusion that all those who had seen the supposed manifestations of them were in some way deluded. The N-rays have been the subject of no little discussion in so-called popular science. They have formed the material for many a paragraph in science columns of papers and magazines as well as in public lectures before audiences supposed to be getting the very latest thing in science. As the action of the N-rays was mainly physiological, the possibility of their use in medicine has even been discussed, and suggestions have been made as to just where they would probably prove useful in therapeutics. Long ago Virchow said that the latest thing in science is often only the latest error. "Do not," he said, "present science to the general public until it has been amply confirmed and until the true significance of the phenomena observed is well understood." So long, however, as sensational science titillates national feeling and continues to be an object in universities, because it is supposed to advertise scientific departments, such fiascos as this may be expected.

Studies and Conferences.

THE PERPETUAL VIRGINITY OF MARY AND THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

To the Editor of THE DOLPHIN :

In the January issue of *THE DOLPHIN* (page 100), a correspondent mentions the fact that "in touching upon the subject of the Immaculate Conception . . . a teacher in a well-known secular college for young ladies asserted that the doctrine of the perpetual virginity of the Mother of Christ was contradicted by the language of the Bible. As your inquirer was the only Catholic in the class," etc.

In thanking you for the adequate and interesting reply given to your correspondent's questions, which must have pleased others as well as myself—not to speak of your correspondent—I venture to call your attention to one or two interesting matters in connection with the incident. First of all, the question arises: How could the Jubilee Celebration of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception have become appropriately a topic for discussion by a teacher in a "well-known secular college for young ladies"? The highly indecorous presumption of such a teacher in such a "secular college" is thus made known to the world at large by the fortuitous circumstance of the presence, in the class, of a Catholic—"the only Catholic in the class." Now, where there is only one Catholic in a class in any secular college, the fact becomes very soon well-known not alone to the members of the class but as well to the instructors; and we may fairly assume that the teacher in this particular case was aware of the presence of a Catholic in her class, and that nevertheless she ventured, with a presumption not short of insult, to arraign that Catholic's religious belief before a senate of those who were at once her class-mates and her sectarian opponents. If presumption can go thus far under circumstances that should be so deterrent, what may we not fairly surmise to be the riot of presumption in secular colleges where there does not happen to be any—even a single Catholic in the class? "If these things be done in the green wood, what shall be done in the dry."

But instead of describing such presumption as abhorrent to politeness, good taste, fairness, decency, and the ordinary amenities of life, let us smile at it and call it "ludicrous." And without further com-

ment thereupon, let us proceed to another consideration. It appears that "in touching upon the subject of the Immaculate Conception," the teacher somehow became involved in a far different question—that of Our Lady's *perpetual virginity*! I feel that I may fairly assume as an explanation of this very strange confusion of topics, the almost universal misconception among Protestants of the meaning of our dogma concerning the Immaculate Conception. We can recall how very recently even such an authority on things in general as Goldwin Smith managed to get himself badly tangled up in the meshes of theology in this very matter of the "Immaculate Conception." I have no doubt, therefore, that the teacher mixed up two ideas: first, the idea of the conception of Our Lady in the womb of St. Anne; and second, the idea of the birth of our Lord from the Virgin Mary. The first is called by Catholics the "Immaculate Conception"; the second is called by Protestants the "Miraculous Birth." Now, "miraculous" and "immaculate" sound somewhat alike; and as it is the persistent ear-mark of the Protestant teacher to blunder badly in questions even of fact—not to speak of logic—when such a teacher ventures beyond his brief to take up the cudgels against Catholic belief and practice, so the conclusion we are forced to arrive at is that this particular teacher has not the faintest notion of what Catholics mean by the "Immaculate Conception"; that she confounds it with the question of the virginal birth of Christ. What, indeed, has the dogma of the Immaculate Conception to do, in any wise, with the question of the "perpetual virginity" of Mary?

I have taken the trouble to write this letter in the hope that it will fall under your correspondent's eye, and that she may perhaps find opportunity to propound to her teacher the question with which I have just concluded my comment on the "incident."

A TEACHER.

We have to thank "A Teacher" for his interest in the above-mentioned discussion, but wish, at the same time, to correct an apparent misapprehension. As we understand it, the incident which gave rise to the question with which we dealt in our last issue at the request of the Catholic pupil in a secular college, was not prompted in any sense by bigotry, but occasioned by a reference to topics which the professor of common modern history is not always at liberty to shirk; nor was the college one of that class of public schools where any allusion to what may be the religious convictions of an individual is

necessarily out of place as suggestive of sectarian views. Thus, any pupil in the history class of a college might ask for an explanation of the terms used in connection, for example, with the historic definition of the Immaculate Conception, of the Infallibility, or the Vatican Decrees, which men like Gladstone misinterpreted, and many Protestants misunderstand. Hence, we could hardly admit that such mention in itself constitutes a violation of fairness, or even of good taste. As for the possible misinterpretation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, we quite agree with "A Teacher" that ignorance on the subject is common enough. To the non-Catholic mind, the ideas of the Immaculate Motherhood and of the perpetual virginity are, of course, naturally allied.

THE AGE OF THE HEBREW LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

The various views expressed by recent scholars in philology regarding the confusion or separation of languages mentioned in the Book of Genesis, have somewhat altered the general aspect and position occupied of old by the Bible as the most ancient product of a complete national literature. The old rabbins maintained the tradition that the Hebrew language was the earliest form of phonetic and articulate utterance in which man held converse with God and his fellows, and that the Hebrew Bible was the first set of written documents, historical as well as religious and revealed, whose character-forms man had been taught by God on Mount Sinai. Moses had thus not only learnt the script used in the writing of the Law from the tablets on which the finger of God had traced the Ten Commandments, but he had in turn instructed Josue and the scribes in the art by which the first foundation of Hebrew and all subsequent literary expression was laid.

As a matter of fact the Books of the Old Testament represent not only practically all that we know of Hebrew literature, but are at the same time the most complete and perfect digest of ancient writings in existence, although there are some fragmentary evidences of similar writings, such as the inscription of Siloe discovered in 1880 at Jerusalem, which carry us back some seven or eight hundred years before Christ. But whilst the sacred character and purpose of the Old Testament text have given to it a certain perfection of form, safeguarding it at the same time from

changes and mutilations or loss, preserving intact its main consistency through generations during which other literary monuments were lost and destroyed, there have come to light during late years numerous indications to show that the Hebrew was only one of several branches of a language which had had their seasons of development and brought forth a literature rich in thought and feeling. This literature exercised also its influence upon the Jewish writers who, like Moses, were directed by a divine impulse to devote their acquired knowledge of speech and writing to a more exalted and perfect utterance, that found its full expression in the Sacred Text. Thus, when St. Paul tells us that Moses was "skilled in all the knowledge of the Egyptians," we know that he must have been familiar not only with the famous literature of the *Book of the Dead*, of which "thousands of copies—some over a hundred feet long (scrolls) and with very elaborate pictures, and other brief extracts—are among the chief attractions of our museums of antiquities," but also with those sacred books enumerated in the catalogue of the library of the temple at Edfu, and the writings brought from the five pyramids opened in 1881, which date back more than a thousand years before the time of Moses. Besides this exclusively *religious* body of writings there existed an immense store of didactic, scientific, historical, legal, and poetic literature, all of which point lessons in many respects analogous to the later Mosaic code, showing that the inspiration which guided the Hebrew lawgiver taught him to use whatever was good in the older customs, albeit he purified and elevated every observance by the nobler motives which his high mission dictated. To understand this fully it would be necessary to enter into details such as are given in the works by Maspero and Wiedemann on this subject.¹

What is said of Egyptian civilization as preceding and influencing the literary expression of Hebrew thought and feeling set forth in the Old Testament writings is applicable even more to Babylonian (Semitic as well as the earlier Sumerian) culture. Loftus, Taylor, Sarzec, and, most of all, Hilprecht of the University of Pennsylvania, have by their explorations enriched the

¹ The English translation, *Religion of the Ancient Egyptians*, of Wiedemann's *Religion der Ägypter* is better than the original edition, having been newly revised.

ancient records of Babylonian literature, which carries us back without doubt about three thousand years before Abraham emigrated from Chaldea. These contain not only sacred poems similar in many expressions to the Davidic psalms, but also the epos of the Creation, upon lines closely suggestive of the order in the Mosaic Pentateuch; likewise the Story of the Deluge, and numerous legends which indicate that many of the facts which Moses recorded and preserved under the divine inspiration had been kept as sacred traditions from the earliest times, though they were naturally corrupted and mingled with fable among those who did not follow the direct divine guidance, as in the case of Abraham and the patriarchs.

Whilst therefore we may not claim that the Hebrew Bible represents the oldest literature in the world, or that the Hebrew tongue is the earliest form of speech conveying to later generations the history of man's creation and of his wanderings under the special guidance of God, it nevertheless stands out as the sacred vehicle which carries that knowledge in most trustworthy fashion, because it is the direct medium by which the inheritance bequeathed to Moses and his people has come to us. All other and earlier literatures gather around it and make it of central interest, inasmuch as they lead up to, confirm, and explain the details of its vital messages. "The ancient culture of the East was preëminently a literary one," says Prof. A. H. Sayce, who is well qualified to speak on the subject. "We have learnt that long before the days of Moses, or even Abraham, there were books and libraries, readers and writers; that schools existed in which all the arts and sciences of the day were taught, and that even a postal service had been organized from one end of Western Asia to the other. The world into which the Hebrew patriarchs were born, and of which the book of Genesis tells us, was permeated with a literary culture whose roots went back to an antiquity of which, but a short time ago, we could not have dreamed. There were books in Egypt and Babylonia long before the Pentateuch was written; the Mosaic age was in fact an age of a widely extended literary activity, and the Pentateuch was one of the latest fruits of long centuries of literary growth."²

² *Introd. to the Book of Genesis.*

If this subverts some of our traditional notions about the Hebrew literature, it does so only because we had no means of studying the past such as we have gained through the spirit of travel and exploration for historic and scientific purposes. It does not alter our faith or our reverence for the Bible, for the things therein taught remain the same sacred truths which God's inspiration has vouchsafed from the beginning. We may learn to understand some of the things in a way different from that which we were taught or which we fancied. But these are not of the essence of the things which God teaches through the Bible; and the Catholic who follows the interpretation and teaching of the Church (which does not mean every teacher in the Church), will find no obstacle in any statement that comes with her authoritative sanction. The Bible still remains for every intelligent Catholic the inspired truth of God; and the more he studies facts of ancient history, the more will he become convinced of this truth.

VILE BOOKS AND THE LITERARY HAWKERS.

Some one asks us: "What of a Rev. Mr. Crowley's book, which, under the title of *The Parochial School*, is being heralded by the journals as a revelation of Catholic iniquity which has long been secretly abroad in the land? I had supposed it to be one of those sensational insolences into which men who have disgraced their clerical calling are apt to break out when they have been repudiated by their superiors; but in a number of the *Independent* just shown me by a friend, I see the book noticed in all seriousness. Has the writer of the book any standing whatever, which could lend credit to his utterances, even assuming that he feels it necessary to separate himself from belief in and obedience to Catholic authority?"

We answer: It is not necessary to know anything of the past career of Mr. Crowley to warn the discerning and clean-minded reader that a book which is made up of such grossly offensive attacks, scurrilous insinuations, and indecent vulgarities, strung upon generalities, and supported by partial truths and isolated facts which may or may not be as stated by one who seems to glory in his disgrace, is unworthy of notice. That the daily, and especially the "yellow," journals, in their search after sensational news, would make a "feature" of such books is not strange; as for the sectarian press, it is to be expected that it should

repeat the old calumnies under every accessible pretext. The *Independent*, though rarely foul-feeding in the grosser sense of the word, sometimes lets the ignorant, as in this instance, speak through its columns. In its case, it may be said that where one hates instinctively, one is often innocently credulous. The writer, moreover—not Dr. Ward, we are sure—betrays such utter ignorance of the very first principles of the Catholic theology to which he ostentatiously refers, that one must doubt his ability to comprehend the truth, were we to take the trouble to point out the erroneousness of his jaunty statements about Catholic belief and Catholic morals. “Published by the author” would suggest that no respectable publishing firm could be found in this broad and tolerant land to put its imprint on the above book.

A COMET'S MOTION.

(Communicated.)

A writer upon recent science, in the “Student’s Library Table” of the January issue (page 94), speaking of Encke’s Comet, and referring to its “very brilliant caudal appendage,” says: “It must not be forgotten that this is a misnomer, and that the tail is really in front of the comet in its course, or at least points toward the sun.” Leaving aside some exceptional cases, the statement that “the tail is really in front of the comet in its course” is true only when referred to that half of the comet’s orbit in which the comet has passed perihelion, and is, consequently, *receding from the sun* on its way to aphelion; from which point to the next perihelion passage the luminous train streams out *behind* the comet, and, therefore, constitutes a “caudal appendage” in the usual sense of that term.

Instead, moreover, of the general principle indicated, namely, that the tail (always) “points toward the sun,” even the most recent authors are agreed that the exact opposite is the truth, and that this is the reason why at the perihelion point the train swings round, *away from the sun*, and in this position precedes the head until aphelion is reached.

The exceptional cases intimated above are those in which the tail at times describes a considerable curve in the direction in which the comet is moving, and sometimes even forms a right angle with a line joining the sun and the centre of the comet’s head. But even here, it will be seen that the train does not extend in the direction of the sun.

TYRO.

SECRET SOCIETIES AMONG CATHOLICS.

There are some misconceptions current among Catholics regarding the nature of the societies whose members pledge themselves to secrecy, when they profess at the same time to be faithful communicants of the Church. It should be understood that the obligation to observe secrecy concerning the deliberations or transactions of a society or corporation, does not constitute a note which renders such a society forbidden, unless the secrecy imposed upon a member is *absolute*, so that it may not be revealed to even those who have a natural or divine right to the loyalty and honest service of their subjects. Thus societies of Catholics who combine for the promotion of some worthy object, might find it advisable to keep secret their deliberations, just as bankers in their financial operations, or officers of the army, observe secrecy, lest those who could injure their common interests or take advantage of their position, might anticipate and frustrate their legitimate plans of promoting their corporate welfare. But this necessity of observing a secret can never extend toward those in proper authority, such as the rulers of religious or civil society, whose object it is to safeguard the interests of their subjects. If the State is to protect its citizens against injustice, it must have the means to discover the perpetrators of such injustice, a means which it would be deprived of by a society that could carry out its purposes of uncontrolled right or wrong, in the dark, or withdraw its members from the responsibility which they owe, as subjects and parts of society, to the law. The same holds good in a more emphatic way with regard to the Church, constituted to direct not only the external acts of religious worship, but also the consciences of its members. Both, the Church and the State, have a prior and a superior right to the exactions of civil and religious responsibility, which no private organization can undo or override by restraining the just freedom of its members to the possible disadvantage of the civil or religious community.

This applies likewise to the duty of loyalty, which implies obedience to law, and which may never be so constrained within any private circle by absolute pledge of fealty to a private society as to withdraw itself from the obligation of observing the precepts of the authority which safeguards on the one hand the common-

wealth, and on the other the moral integrity and conscientious exercise of freedom in the individual.

Hence, no allegiance can be lawful before God which pretends to control the individual so exclusively as to *take from him the right to communicate his thoughts* or to *submit his will to the legitimate authority* of the Church or the State, which protects his interests, temporal and spiritual, on condition that he is willing not only to make manifest the dangers which may threaten the commonwealth from individual malice, or negligence, or imbecility, but also to coöperate, by obedience to the common law, in the defence which authority prescribes against a common danger; and in this freedom he may not be hindered by any private society that demands his allegiance under oath.

The distinction between an oath of secrecy and obedience which is *absolute*, and a pledge of secrecy and obedience which extends *only to those who have no right, or reason to know, or to command*, is not always clearly marked in the mind and conduct of men, especially young men, who become members of organizations wherein such pledges of secrecy and loyalty are customary. And, indeed, there is danger in this confusion of principle, which would lead to a false loyalty, based upon unthinking enthusiasm, especially where a thorough knowledge of religious principles, by which the educated Catholic discriminates between his duty to God and his loyalty to his fellows, is lacking.

Bishop Harkins, of Providence, has well defined this distinction in a recent address to the Knights of Columbus, which contains at the same time a note of friendly warning to the members of the organization, in whose loyalty the Bishop has full confidence. He bids the members keep guard, and rightly to understand their compact of secrecy. "There is great danger," he says, "when total secrecy is imposed. Any society that will not reveal its secrets to proper authority, when required, is a danger to the State. History proves the truth of this statement." Turning to the subject of absolute submission in advance, and by oath, to the dictates of an unknown superior, in the name of the society, whether for good or for evil, Bishop Harkins says:—

"Another pitfall is blind obedience to those who govern. Authority and its correlative obedience are necessary to society. But no obedience directed against Church and civil authority is permissible.

There is a higher law, the moral law, contrary to which no society can claim any authority. It is only societies recognizing the binding force of the moral law that can have the blessing of the Church. Such societies will always have her approval in formal documents. And if the Knights will be faithful to the Church and State, the Church will be ever ready to prosper their order. The Knights have been most faithful heretofore, and there is no reason for believing that they will not continue as in the past."

Referring to these words of the Bishop one of the representative Knights at the banquet of the Society pointed to the safeguards which the Order has in its Constitution: there is a clause in the Constitution of the Knights of Columbus by which they are enjoined to reveal to the civil and ecclesiastical authorities the secrets of the Order.

Some one has defined the order of the Knights of Columbus as the "repository of the chivalrous precepts of the past, in the exercise of which lies the exemplification of the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of man." That definition is not at all a happy one. The Knights need not seek their glory in the revival of precepts of the past, but in an observance of the precepts that are present, those of God, who speaks to His children through the Church and the State. We take it that what the Knights of Columbus aim at is a revival of the *spirit* in which the knights of the ages of chivalry observed and defended those laws that are ever binding and present. It is the spirit of loyalty, of heroic courage, of chivalrous honor and love of truth, which characterized the Catholic knights of old, and which the true Knights of Columbus will seek to emulate. And the eternal laws are shaped into right application to present circumstances by present precepts of Church and State, which, if obeyed in the spirit of ancient chivalry, prompt actions that bind us to God, through true charity to our fellows.

Thus our Knights take their precepts from the present; but the noble spirit in which they observe these precepts, they take from the past, creating a high-minded consciousness that acts upon enlightened conviction in the manner of the early Christian chevaliers, who were proud of the Cross, even to the shedding of their blood in its defence against the Saracen with his crescent.

Criticisms and Notes.

HERALDS OF REVOLT. Studies in Modern Literature and Dogma. By William Barry, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1904.

The individual Catholic student of art and literature, however broad his sympathies or sensitive his appreciation, must, like the Church from whom he receives his highest ideals, stand for definite principles, amidst the clash of opinions and the bewildering variety of specious views on the True, the Beautiful, and the Good,—the dazzling sight of the “ten thousand banners” that “rise into the air with Orient colors waving.” To such Dr. Barry’s *Heralds of Revolt*, in the epigraph of which these words are quoted, will be a guide and an encouragement. Others will, of course, dismiss it with remarks, assumed to be axiomatic, on the impossible attitude of the critic who would be dogmatically religious and yet artistic. But no such necessary contradiction exists for those who hold that a true philosophy of life is also a complete one, and bears on art and literature as on every other manifestation of the human spirit.

The book consists of papers reprinted from the *Dublin and Quarterly Reviews*. The subjects cover a wide range of English, French, and German literature, and the connecting link is the spirit and purpose of the author. It might be expected that the figures depicted for us would lose some of their roundness in being brought into line, according to an abstract idea; but the author has the novelist’s gift of realizing and vivifying his characters. And thus the most varied personalities live afresh for us in his pages. “Hence we pause in front of these pictures, taking them one by one, each for its own sake, subdued by the miracle of a mind which has found unique expression in color, tone, harmony, never again to be repeated” (Preface, p. viii).

The opening chapter, on “The Genius of George Eliot,” and that on Heine, are excellent examples amongst others of Dr. Barry’s skill and sympathy in literary appreciation. But these qualities are, so to say, incidental; at all events, they are subsidiary to the main purpose. This is, in the words of the preface, to bring the new philosophy and the old religion face to face, and “we pass from considerations which

bear chiefly on literature to the first great question, 'What is the meaning of life?' "

There is a certain amount of repetition in the answer, as was perhaps inevitable in expounding the same idea with reference to kindred, though different, subjects, and in essays written at different times. The biographical method is largely used to elucidate the views of the men of letters under discussion; and the sketches of Pierre Loti, J. A. Symonds, and Friedrich Nietzsche, may perhaps be singled out as instances where this is done with particularly good effect. Pantheism, agnosticism, neo-paganism are discredited, not only in their tendencies, but as well in their actual effects on the lives of typical representatives. But the essays are too various to be summed up in general terms.

To George Eliot her high place in literature is fully conceded; but her tenderness, her humor, her insight into life and character, her vivid reproduction of past and present, her winning and striking qualities, surely call all the more for the author's reservations on the mere humanitarianism, especially of her later works.

The study of "John Inglesant" does full justice to the beauties of that "hybrid," which "combines romance with metaphysics, and false with true, in proportions out of the common" (p. 31); and the critic has, of course, easy play with that embodiment of traditional Jesuitism entitled Fr. St. Clare, and the whole gloomy misrepresentation of Catholicism.

Carlyle is drawn in his rugged sincerity, strength, and unconquerable gloom. His new gospel, like that of his master, Goethe, is shown to be but a part of the old, and the eliminations to be due to his Calvinistic training. "If we are to speak of religious teachers, and to be guided by their words, let us never forget that the absolute teaching, as is confessed on all hands, remains that of Christ" (p. 74). "This great and noble spirit did not know Christ. In this way he fell short of the standard of truth, and eclipsed the light of his fellows. He sank to the level of a heathen stoic" (p. 73).

In the fourth essay, we have the pathetic, astonishing, by turns alluring and repellant, figure of Amieh. The strange reality of the metaphysical dreams in which he lived, acting like an opiate, unfitted him for action. He himself anticipates the verdict of the critic, that he has the maximum of culture and the minimum of will and character. He is an "apostle of Nirvana." "As devoid of self-will as the most ascetic Hindu," he passed through "the pilgrimage, so often described,

which, beginning with spiritual recollection, ascends to rapturous heights, and ends too commonly in despair and madness" (p. 107). With him it ended in a melancholy pantheism.

The poet Heine "was all impulse, regret, and longing. Life denied him that which he sought, and he could not rise to a philosophy of renunciation" (pp. 140-141). He "came forward as the poet of freedom, who would acknowledge no standard but his momentary feeling, no tradition except for the ends of art . . ." (p. 145). "A blythe Paganism, instead of Christianity with its Golgotha, was to be his theme" (p. 147). In his early and late poems alike, "all is impulse, indulged or thwarted, still hoping to satisfy itself, if only with the husks of the 'Hegelian swine,' or furious and despairing, when the senses which ministered to it in the heyday of the blood are paralyzed and no longer obey its call" (p. 155). He was "a musical soul, which in better times, or in heroic obedience to the faith it scorned, might have filled its generation with melody, kindled hope, lightened a thousand hearts, and drawn to itself unspeakable love and veneration" (p. 156). But he misunderstood Christianity, and "one thing he has proved to evidence,—that genius without principle acts only as a chaotic force. And a second is, that no mere Hellenism will save the world" (p. 157).

The three chapters on French novelists (The Modern French Novel, French Realism and Decadence, Pierre Loti) are too full of matter to allow of detailed description; but one short quotation will indicate their general drift. The critic finds common features in the varied personalities of these writers. "Negatively, they are not controlled by that reason which discerns the laws of life, morality, and the Divine Presence in the world. Positively, they write under the pressure of passion and instinct" (p. 224). The chapter on Loti, whose place is apart, is one of the most charming appreciations in the book.

The attempted revival of Greek ideals, dealt with in the chapters on Neo-Paganism, and Latter-Day Pagans, is thus summed up: "The intoxication and the awakening, the defiance which modulates into despair, and the despair which would fain lose itself in a never-ending whirl of passion,—these are notes of a significant and widespread movement in our time which has been called the New Paganism" (p. 272).

Neo-Classicism and Neo-Paganism are traced from the hard-working pioneers of the study of antiquity—Hinckelmann, Lessing, Wolff—to their developments in the calm and cheerful Goethe; in

the French "artist" Gautier, to whom are applied Pater's words, that the artist "will have gradually sunk his intellectual and spiritual ideas in sensuous form" (p. 280). In Leconte de Lisle they become melancholy and disillusionment; the study of beauty of form develops into the opposite extreme of morbid curiosity in Baudelaire; in still later writers the movement results in defiance and blank denial. This essay contains, in its concluding pages, some striking words on the strides of immorality and infidelity toward substituting themselves for a religious creed in modern France; and distinguishes the different elements in Hellenism, contrasting the spirit of the noblest pagans, whose lives were "the true preparation of the Gospel" (p. 335), with that of the modern Neo-Pagans. Of Symonds and Pater we read: "And yet these two famous Humanists recanted!—the one by casting literature and art from him as inferior to the meanest action, the other by leading his Cyrenian youth along paths of sympathy and self-denial into the communion of saints and martyrs" (p. 342).

The essay on Nietzsche is a powerful exposition of destructive criticism leading to unbelief, unbelief to pessimism, pessimism to the establishment of self-assertion as the only law, the whole mode of thought ending in madness for its author.

The book is not all negative, but furnishes, incidentally, many positive arguments for Christianity. The historical Catholic Church is beautifully described in the chapter on "John Inglesant"; the question of miracles is lucidly treated in that on Carlyle; of "Marius the Epicurean" we are told that in his life-long wanderings "there is not one pearl of price, one element holding of the beautiful, that he is told to cast away on entering the Christian temple" (p. 335).

The conclusion, indicated in the Preface, is that "revolt to the ideals of anarchy is contrasted with obedience to the Master of the Beatitudes" (Preface, p. viii). The Christian ideals are no vague ideals, "but ascertained and ascertainable experience. Life is an art too complex for any rule but one, and that is the Imitation of Christ" (p. 380).

M. R.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE. Considerations and Meditations for Boys.
By Herbert Lucas, S.J. London and Edinburgh: Sands & Co. (St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.) 1904. Pp. 298.

The limitations of page-space forbid our doing more than simply recommend here these admirable discourses addressed by Father Lucas to the boys at Stonyhurst College. They deal with the ordinary topics,

—the Presence of God ; Vocation ; Repentance ; Preparation for Death ; My Crucifix ; the Sacred Heart ; etc. But there are also subjects which one meets more rarely in such books,—Good Work for Willing Workers ; Self-Conquest ; John Henry Newman ; etc.—which intimate that the thoughts and ways are often new and made attractive by the form in which the teacher puts them before the young mind. Father Lucas speaks to the heart, and his voice is borne upon the spiritual wheels of pleasant imagery and simple logic, both enough to fascinate any boy.

Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention. While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be *characterized* by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them, since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

Bindweed: Nellie Blissett. *Smart Set*. \$1.50.

The recent fall of the Servian reigning house is the culmination of this story, in which places and persons are but slightly disguised by change of names, and some very great Russian personages are treated with astonishing frankness. The late Queen is the "bindweed," the creeper which, innocently carrying out the law of its nature, destroys everything to which it clings, the three men who love her being her victims. The book is unsuitable for girls' reading, although written as delicately as may be.

Captain Amyas: Dolf Wyllarde. *Lane*. \$1.50.

The chief character is a brute with no human graces, and the entire book is devoted to description of his brutishness.

Divorce: Paul Bourget. *Scribner*. \$1.50.

The divorced heroine's secular union with a man whom she loves is happy for some years in spite of her alienation from the Church, but in swift succession she finds herself separated from her daughter about to make her first Communion ; from her son deter-

mined to marry a woman of irregular life and insolently asserting her equality with his mother; and from the man whose name she bears, inasmuch as he refuses, when her husband dies, to submit himself to the Church and to marry her. The author does not preach; he merely exhibits the logical consequences of certain acts.

Dr. Tom: John Williams Streeter. *Macmillan.* \$1.50.

The hero, placed in an entirely lawless community, shows himself a better shot and as good a fighter as any of its members, and he becomes its leader on the road to civilization, enticing it by a hundred wiles. In his hour of triumph, he is shot while trying to save the life of a comparatively worthless person, and his death is the logical result of his killing two men in self-defence at the moment of his entrance upon the scene. The story is excellently constructed.

Falaise of the Blessed Voice: William Stearns Davis. *Macmillan.* \$1.50.

St. Louis, Blanche of Castile, and Eleanor of Provence are chief characters, and the time is the moment when the king renounces his submissive attitude to his mother and assumes the government of the kingdom. Falaise is a blind girl who plays good genius to the king and queen, and circumvents the rebel De Coucy and his daughter. A Nuptial Mass said "in the dying twilight" is an innovation, innovently introduced by the author.

Farm of the Dagger: Eden Philpotts. *Dodd.* \$1.50.

Two Dartmoor farmers of the early nineteenth century are the chief personages, and the book relates their deadly antipathy and the love of their children. It is a grim tale and its picture of the Americans in the war prison does not lighten it.

Food of the Gods: H. G. Wells. *Scribner.* \$1.50.

England with a little brood of giants and giantesses just coming into maturity, and disposed to claim the right to a comfortable, happy existence, is the scene of this fantasy. The discovery of an intensely stimulating food accounts for the giants, and also for swarms and packs of enormous insects, and vermin, that appear from time to time. The tale is well-imagined, and some of its passages are as full of horror as can possibly be desired.

Genevra: Charles Marriott. *Appleton.* \$1.50.

The story of a woman who sacrifices her own wishes to the happiness of her brother, and of a man whose anxiety to preserve the calm necessary to the full development of his artistic gift. Her self-sacrifice is fruitless, and by the time the man wishes to marry she has taught herself indifference.

Good of the Wicked: Owen Kildare. *Baker.* \$0.75.

The author sets forth in description and anecdote the good which is done by the criminal and half criminal and ably defends

them from the charge of speaking the dialect manufactured for them by certain authors.

Greselda: Marion E. Gray. *Turner*. \$1.00.

A brief story written by a very young girl, telling of an unloved child's conquest of her unsympathetic aunt and of her adventures in preparing Christmas pleasures for certain poor folk. Its interest is chiefly that which attaches to the unexpected, but its frank simplicity is an interesting study for the teacher of girls.

Her Fiance: Josephine Daskam. *Altemus*. \$1.00.

Stories of college girls, the first of whom, an unscrupulous coquette, ruins a man's life for the sake of an hour's amusement; a second, whose friends think that she has nothing to do; a third, who refuses to be made unhappy by her sister's foolish jealousy, and a fourth who ably assists her uncle's love affairs.

Hills of Freedom: Joseph Sharts. *Doubleday*. \$1.50.

A view of the working of the underground railroad, and of one of its most remarkable black conductors, shares the interest of this book with a love comedy in which a helpless veteran effects the willing marriage of his son and ward in spite of their preliminary refusals and repulsion.

Little Miss Dee: Roswell Field. *Revell*. \$1.00.

The heroine is the last of a race in which there is a prophecy that one of its scions shall perform

a great deed. She unwittingly fulfils it by behavior of almost superhuman unselfishness, but dies regarded by those who know her as a species of simpleton.

Millionaire Baby: Anna Katharine Green. *Bobbs*. \$1.50.

A detective story describing the theft of a child rich in her own right and having a rich father. The reader has the clue to the thief, almost from the beginning, but is bewildered as to the motive.

Modern Composers of Europe: Arthur Elson. *Page*. \$1.60 net.

Living composers' names are included in the list of those whose biographies are given and work described in this volume, so that as far as European music is concerned, it serves the purpose of "Who's Who?" and the "Dictionary of Biography." It is illustrated by thirty portraits, and is bound as a gift-book.

Mountains: Steward Edward White. *McClure*. \$1.50 net.

Desultory articles describing the mountain regions of the Far West, and those who live in them, either in a settled habitation or in constant movement; they are interesting studies, abounding in anecdote, and are well illustrated.

Nostromo: Joseph Conrad. *Harpers*. \$1.50.

A curious study of the rise and fall of an unlearned but able man, living in a land of chronic revolutions and political corruption. Uncertainty slowly gnaws

away his sense of honor, the repeated contemplation of immense thefts weakens his honesty, and his end is destruction.

Pages from a Country Diary:
Percival Somers. *Arnold*.
\$1.50.

The diarist hunts, visits, meets interesting persons who tell good stories, makes some pleasant observations in natural history, and constructs a book more interesting than most novels, and giving a good view of the country-life of a man of position and means.

My Literary Career: Mme. Adam. *Appleton*. \$2.50.

A straightforward story with few reservations, unfit for youth, because of its adoption of the morals of a certain circle in the Third Republic as normal. It is curious, but so logical is the French mind that common knowledge of the persons mentioned will enable one to guess at half the contents of the book, and it is less necessary to the student than many English biographies of personages of less consequence.

Quest of John Chapman: Newell D. Hillis. *Macmillan*. \$1.50.

A rather long story of the early years of the Ohio valley settlements, the whole serving as a background for the real and wise doings of John Chapman, who not only planted fruit orchards but persuaded his neighbors to do the same, and in his old age went about planting apple-seeds everywhere. It is worth reading as a record of a beneficent life, and as a picture of simple manners.

River's Children: Ruth McEnery Stuart. *Century*. \$1.25.

A series of studies showing some of the personages, white and black, peculiar to the region of the lower Mississippi, their character and acts being delicately modified by the phenomena of the river. The author skilfully avoids the obvious temptations to exaggerate and to imitate French work of a similar character.

Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten:
Oliver Herford. *Scribner*.
\$1.00.

Very funny quatrains, solemnly describing the kitten's feelings during certain perfectly normal incidents recorded in admirable pictures. Her philosophy is quite as good as that of many imitators of Omar.

Scroggins: John Uri Lloyd. *Dodd*. \$1.50.

A short story published in the decorated holiday fashion, but very simple in itself. Its hero inherits a fortune, of which he is at a loss to dispose, either for his own benefit or for that of any other person, and so he goes back to his original work of driving a stage coach.

Three Dukes: G. Ystridde. *Putnam*. \$1.50.

The seamy side of character and life in the Russian upper class is shown in this book not with any imitation of the French or Russian literary manner, but in accordance with the conventions of English literature. The eccentricities displayed are amazing, but there is no apparent exagger-

ation. The story classes itself with the writings of Miss Hapgood in giving an impression of Russian life, without the conventional police in the foreground.

Unpardonable War: James Barnes. *Macmillan*. \$1.50.

The author uses many of the

actual occurrences of the spring of 1898, and almost exactly describes the conduct of certain newspapers, while relating the history of a supposititious war with Great Britain, deliberately caused by interested speculators, writers and politicians. The gist scarcely passes the bound of possibility.

Literary Chat.

An Australasian subscriber to THE DOLPHIN sends us the following clipping from a *Sydney* morning paper: "The New Zealand Government has just issued a unique proclamation, which places on record the first instance of a single sea-fish being specially protected by law. This favored specimen is the *dolphin*, known to mariners and travellers as Pelorus Jack. It was believed to be a beluga, or white whale, but recent investigations proved it to be a Risso's dolphin (*Grampus griseus*). It has become famous for its habit of escorting vessels through the French Pass in Cook Strait, where it was first noticed fifty years ago, and as it never fails to turn up, and always keeps to the deep water, mariners have come to regard it as an effective pilot. Others who can claim an intimate acquaintance with Jack say that he keeps a look-out for passing ships, because he has found them convenient for rubbing the barnacles off himself. At all events, mariners here and in New Zealand are delighted that their marine pet has been placed under the protecting wing of the law. Pelorus is one of the sights of New Zealand, and travellers from this side show their interest in him by keeping a sharp look-out for his appearance when passing through the Straits." The New Zealanders are said to be the best educated community in the world; that is, they have the most efficient public-school system; and though Catholics are only about fifteen per cent. of the entire population, they maintain excellent primary and high schools of their own throughout the island; accordingly their appreciation of THE DOLPHIN is not merely confined to the fish species.

Mr. Francis Deming Hoyt writes a rather instructive preface to his recently published translation of Montalembert's *Life of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary*, in which he touches upon the singular phenomenon of the difficulty experienced by the average educated Protestant in understanding Catholic devotion and Catholic loyalty. It is a theme upon which Montalembert's own elaborate introduction to his biographical sketch of the Saint sheds strong light. Montalembert was a man of singularly broad sentiment, which is perhaps due to the fact that he had an English mother and was himself born in England. His father had served in the English army in Egypt, India, and Spain; and when the boy had attained the age which made him capable of cultivating a taste for art, he accompanied his parents to Stuttgart where he acquired his ready knowledge of German. With all this his temperament was

wholly French and the enthusiasm as well as the nobility of his Poitou ancestry colored all his actions and aspirations. His singularly deep convictions on religious subjects, paired with a childlike loyalty to Holy Church, made him none the less capable of putting himself in a tolerant position toward those outside the fold who were sincere in their prejudices.

The charge has been made against Montalembert that he openly opposed the intended dogmatical definition of Papal Infallibility. This is true; he believed as men like Newman, Dupanloup, Gratry, and Archbishop Peter Richard Kenrick did at the time, that such a declaration would strengthen the sceptical attitude of liberal Catholics in Europe, and prevent that general tolerance which humanly speaking seemed to be a necessary condition for the spread of the faith. But if we duly weigh the known motives of Montalembert in this question, we can only admire the sincerity of the man which by no means lacked the loyalty of submission such as Fénelon displayed when he read his own condemnation from the pulpit of his Cathedral. Only a week after the letter in which he set forth his views had been written, the Countess de Merode led Montalembert to speak of the subject of Papal Infallibility, and, seeing his reluctance to be convinced, she had asked him point blank: "And what would you do if the Council with the Pope were actually to define Papal Infallibility as a dogma?" He answered in the gentlest tones: "O then of course I should simply believe it!" There is still need of a good biography of Montalembert from an able Catholic pen. We have indeed Mrs. Oliphant's finely written memoir in two volumes, from which Madame Craven made her matchless biographical sketch; but neither as an historical estimate nor as an intimate life story do these accounts pretend to give the satisfaction which the noble figure of this Catholic statesman, historian, and litterateur, justly claims.

A writer in the current *Dublin Review* who signs himself "J. C.," reads Dr. Alexander MacDonald a severe lecture for publishing his book, *The Symbol of the Apostles*, without having consulted the various Catholic and non-Catholic authorities who have written on the same subject. It is true that Dr. MacDonald could probably have enlarged his reading, and perhaps also his views regarding matters in which other men differ from him; but that may also be said of his critic, who certainly knows more of names than of things. We doubt that any but a very much insulated scholar would make so much of a misprinted Greek letter, for which nobody thinks of blaming an author, as does this generous London censor; and it is somewhat amusing to find him gravely inform the readers of the *Dublin Review* that in once making use of the expression 'tell that to the marines' "Dr. MacDonald of course means the horse-marines."

Mr. W. S. Lilly in his recent volume entitled *Studies in Religion and Literature* (Chapman and Hall, London), gives as a note to the chapter on "The Theory of the Ludicrous" a letter from J. C. Covert, of Cleveland, Ohio, addressed to the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*. In this epistle the writer protests against the statement made by Mr. Lilly that the North American Indians are destitute of all sense of the ludicrous, and in support of his contention cites several incidents from

accounts of the missionaries in Canada to show the contrary to be the fact. Among other things he relates how some Indians, noting the anxiety of the Jesuit Father Paul le Jeune to learn their language, volunteered to instruct him. They gravely told him a number of terms and expressions representing apparently sacred names and then induced him to speak to their tribe. When he came to preach after careful preparation what he believed to be an exposition of certain truths of faith, he found the Indians wild with mirth and loud laughter, encouraging him to go on. To his dismay he discovered soon after that his wily instructors had taught him to say the most ridiculous things, making sport of his simplicity, until they began to realize the good Father's mission.

In his translation from the Latin of the apocryphal *Gospel of the Childhood of our Lord*, Mr. Henry Greene speaks of Our Blessed Lady as the "divine Mary." This is a mistranslation which ought to be noted because it gives non-Catholics an occasion for misunderstanding traditional Catholic devotion and honor paid to the Mother of the God-Man. The Latin is *diva*, which takes its meaning from the manner in which the classical writers applied the term to the heroes whom their contemporaries desired to canonize after death. Thus they speak of the *Divus Antoninus*, or of the *Divus Hadrianus*, because they wished to indicate that these emperors would after their death receive divine honors, which of course could not make them God in the sense that they were not still creatures. In like manner Christian writers speak of "Divus Thomas," etc., which, as always when it occurs in connection with the saints or heroes of the Christian Church, means "holy."

Miss F. M. Steele (Darley Dale), whose different books, dealing with early monastic subjects, show her to have a decided preference for mediæval and mystic erudition, has an interesting paper on religious conditions in Thibet in the January number of the *American Catholic Quarterly*, in which she compares Buddhist monasticism with Catholicism. The article recalls the famous Abbé Huc's *Travels in Thibet*, as well as his *History of Catholicity* in those regions of Middle Asia which are just now the field of political and military contests, and where it is hoped Christian civilization will soon obtain permanent foothold.

An almost forgotten volume, and one which deserves to be reprinted for the special use of preachers and lovers of the Blessed Sacrament, is "*Eucharistic Hours, or Devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament of the Wise and of the Simple in all times.*" It is a collection of gems from the treasury of the Church's doctrine and the deep mines of her history. We are reminded of its existence by the fact that, although the work was published twenty years ago (Washbourne, London), the author of it appears in the present number of the REVIEW, as the writer of the Introduction to *Mary and the Church Militant*, in conjunction with Father Philpin, of the London Oratory. From the same pen we have *Legends of the Blessed Sacrament*, published anonymously, and *Mary, the Perfect Woman*, as well as *Mary and Mankind*, which appeared serially in THE DOLPHIN last year.

The current *North American Review* (Harpers) has an article by Mark Twain in which the American humorist deals seriously with the question of limited copyright. Our laws do not protect the privileges of original authorship or ownership of literary products after a lapse of forty-two years, during which period the application for authorized registry has to be renewed at least once. In view of the fact that the popularity of literary works is in the first instance dictated by professional log-rolling, personal correlations with the wire-pulling brotherhood or with the press-organs, it frequently happens that works of superior merit, but devoid of the aptitude and opportunities for creating artificial sensation, remain in comparative obscurity until the sober judgment of later critics gives to them due meed of recognition. Then when the author or his children are at length on the point of obtaining a tardy remuneration, the law steps in to declare that the right of accepting the merited earning has been forfeited.

The Messrs. Benziger Brothers announce a series of articles on Modern Christian Art, from the pen of Dr. Albert Kuhn, to appear in their monthly magazine, beginning with the March number. There is probably no better living authority on this particular branch of ecclesiastical knowledge, which appeals to a large number of priests and religious, engaged in the decoration of churches and chapels, than the eminent Swiss Benedictine, with whose works in different departments of the history, technique, and æsthetics of Catholic art, scholars and artists are familiar. It is a good thing to popularize such knowledge in America, where there is not generally found the traditional great estimate of such information, but where it is needed. Dr. Kuhn's training as professor of sciences for many years has given a particular force and accuracy of statement to his exposition.

From the *Spectator* (London) we take the following verses of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson :—

Sweet Babe, new-born
On earth again,
Each Christmas-morn
To dwell with men ;

CAROL.

Though my hands hold
No precious things—
Nor myrrh nor gold
Of Eastern kings ;

Though I've no part
In gold or gem,
Make Thou my heart
Thy Bethlehem.

At the same time we find the *Tablet* (London) quoting Mr. Belloc's pretty story in verse of the Christ Child :—

When Jesus Christ was four years old,
The angels brought Him toys of gold,
Which no man ever had bought or sold.
And yet with these He would not play.
He made Him small fowl out of clay,
And blessed them till they flew away.

Tu creasti, Domine.

Jesus Christ, Thou Child so wise,
 Bless mine hands and fill mine eyes,
 And bring my soul to Paradise.

Equally melodious is the following lullaby, which, in Samuel Taylor Coleridge's translation, is printed with the Latin, as a motto to Mr. Greene's version of the apocryphal Gospel of the Holy Childhood :

Sleep, sweet Babe ! my cares beguiling :
 Mother sits beside Thee smiling ;
 Sleep, my Darling, tenderly ;
 If Thou sleep not, mother mourneth :
 Come, soft slumber, balmily !

LATIN.

Dormi, Jesu ! mater ridet
 Quae tam dulcem somnum videt,
 Dormi, Jesu ! blandule !
 Si non dormis, mater plorat,
 Inter fila cantans orat,
 Blande, veni, somnule !

George Meredith, in the preface to *The Tragic Comedians*, states regretfully that Americans have too much common sense. He thinks that we are exceptionally practical, that we have an "unshakable faith in coal and comfort," but that there is also in us a lamentable lack of enthusiasm. This is the reason why we have produced fewer geniuses than any other nation of first or second rate; for, whilst we are the most inventive, we are, also, the most mechanical people on earth.

Says a writer in *Harper's Weekly* : "Professor Matthews, of the Chicago University, was lately reported as declaring to his class in physiological chemistry, that "certain chemical substances, coming together under certain conditions, do, and are bound to, produce life, no matter what theologians may say. Why drag in the theologians? All that an intelligent, modern theologian would care to say is, that God is everywhere, and the creative energy penetrates, and is coextensive with, all substances. Professor Matthews may be a better chemist than theologian, but if his chemistry is sound, it can vex no sound theology."

Charles Dickens, speaking from a full heart, somewhere mentions the "profoundly unreasonable grounds on which an editor is often urged to accept unsuitable articles—such as having been at school with the writer's husband's brother-in-law, or having lent an alpenstock in Switzerland to the writer's wife's nephew when that interesting stranger had broken his own." Thackeray resigned the editorship of the *Cornhill* (his pet magazine) on account of the pain he endured from the inevitable necessity of rejecting appeals, not less unreasonable and far more pitiful than the fantastic pleas caricatured by Dickens.—*Journals and Journalism*, by John Oldcastle.

Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND ASCETICAL.

THE RELATION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH TO MEDICINE. By the Very Rev. Frank A. O'Brien, A.M., LL.D., Kalamazoo, Mich. Pp. 8.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, with Relation to the Dominican Order and the Doctrine of St. Thomas. A Paper read at the Monthly Conference at St. Vincent Ferrer's Convent, New York, N. Y., on December 5, 1904, by the Rev. S. E. Anastasie, O.P.

ROSA MYSTICA. *Immaculatae tributum Jubilaeum. A.D. MCMIV.* The Fifteen Mysteries of the M. H. Rosary, and Other Joys, Sorrows, and Glories of Mary. Illustrated with Copies of the Rosary Frescoes of Giovanni di San Giovanni, and Other Artists. By Kenelm Digby Best, of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. London: R. and T. Washbourne; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. xxii—279. Price, \$6.00.

DE CONCEPTIONE SANCTAE MARIAE. Tractatus Eadmeri Monachi Cantuariensis, olim Sancto Anselmo attributus, nunc primum integer ad codicum fidem editus, adjectis quibusdam documentis coetaneis a P. Herb. Thurston et P. Th. Slater, S. J., sacerdotibus. Friburgi Brisg. et St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 104. Price, \$0.45.

FIRST DAYS OF JESUS. A Picture-Book for Children, with Text in Large Type. London: R. and T. Washbourne; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. Pp. 28. Price, \$0.15; printed on untearable linen, \$0.30.

THE FEASTS OF MOTHER CHURCH. With Hints and Helps for the Holier Keeping of Them. By Mother M. Salome, St. Mary's Convent, The Bar, York, England. London: Burns and Oates, Ltd.; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 269. Price, \$1.25 net.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE BIBLE. By the Rev. Dr. Chauvin. Translated by the Rev. J. M. Lelue. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 97. Price, \$0.30

HANDBUCH FÜR DIE LEITER DER MARIANISCHEN KONGREGATIONEN und Sodalitäten. Zusammengestellt von Rector Johannes Dahlmann. Mit bishöfl. Approbation. Munster, Westfalen: Alphonse Buchhandlung. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co. Pp. 184. Price, \$0.20.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE. Considerations and Meditations for Boys. By Herbert Lucas, S. J. London and Edinburgh: Sands & Co.; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 298. Price, \$3.25.

STUDIES IN RELIGION AND LITERATURE. By William Samuel Lilly, Hon. Fellow of Cambridge. London: Chapman & Hall; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 320. Price, \$3.25.

LA VIE SPIRITUELLE. 137 Conférences dédiés aux prêtres, aux religieuses et aux personnes pieuses, par le Chanoine Toublan, chanoine titulaire, vicaire général de Châlons. Deux volumes. Paris, 10 rue Cassette: P. Lethielleux. 1904. Pp. Pome I—452; Tome II—315. Prix, 5 frs.

LITURGICAL.

OFFICIUM HEBDOMADAE MAJORIS. A dominica in Palmis usque ad Sabbatum in albis juxta Ordinem Breviarii Missalis et Pontificalis Romani. Editum cum approbatione S. Rit. Cong. Editio Tertia. Ratisbonae, Romae, Neo-Eboraci, et Cincinnati: Fred. Pustet. 1905. Pp. vi—386—34. Pretium \$0.85.

NUPTIAL MASS CALENDAR FOR 1905. New York: D. P. Murphy. Pp. 16.

BLACK MASS CALENDAR FOR 1905. New York: D. P. Murphy. Pp. 16.

SCRIPTURE.

DAS BUCH DER BÜCHER. Gedanken über Lectüre und Studium der heiligen Schrift. Von P. Hildebrand Höpfl, O.S.B. Episcop. Approbat. Freiburg Brigg. und St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 284. Price, \$1.00.

PRINCIPLES OF LITERARY CRITICISM and their Application to the Synoptic Problem. By Ernest De Witt Burton, Prof. and Head of the Department of Biblical Greek. The Decennial Publications. Printed from Vol. V. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1904. Pp. 72. Price, \$1.00.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

A SYSTEM OF METAPHYSICS. By George Stuart Fullerton, Professor of Philosophy in Columbia University, New York. New York: The Macmillan Company; London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1904. Pp. xii—627. Price, \$4.00 *net*.

DER LETZTE SCHOLASTIKER. Eine Apologie von Dr. K. Kroch. Tönnig. Freiburg Brigg. und St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. Pp. 227. Price, \$1.75.

AN OUTLINE OF THE THEORY OF ORGANIC EVOLUTION. With a Description of Some of the Phenomena which it Explains. By Maynard M. Metcalf, Ph.D., Professor of Biology in the Woman's College of Baltimore. New York: The Macmillan Co.; London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1904. Pp. xxii—204. Price, \$2.50 *net*.

LIFE AND ENERGY. An Attempt at a New Definition of Life; with Applications to Morals and Religion. A Revised Account of Four Addresses given at the Polytechnic Institute, Regent Street, London. By Walter Hibbert, F.I.C., A.M.I.E.E., Head of the Physics and Electrical Engineering Department of the Polytechnic Institute. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. Price, 2s. 6d.

HISTORY.

GESCHICHTE DER WISSENSCHAFTLICHEN STUDIEN IM FRANCISCANER ORDEN, bis um die Mitte des dreizehnten Jahrhunderts. Von P. Dr. Hilarin Felder, O. Cap. Lect. S. Theol. Freiburg im Brigg., und St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 557. Price, \$2.85.

THE KNOW-NOTHING PARTY. A Sketch. By Humphrey J. Desmond. Washington, D. C.: The Century Press. 1905. Pp. 159. Price, \$1.25.

SOUVENIR OF THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE HOUSE OF THE ANGEL GUARDIAN, 85 Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. 1854—1904. Boston: Angel Guardian Press. 1904. Pp. 56.

LIFE OF POPE PIUS X. By Monsignor Anton De Waal, Rector of Campo Santo, Rome. Translated and Adapted from the Second German Edition with Permission of the Author and Publisher, by Joseph William Berg, St. Francis, Wis. With 125 Illustrations. Milwaukee, Wis.: The M. H. Wiltzius Co. 1904. Pp. xv—175. Price, \$1.25 *net*.

ZUR GESCHICHTE DES PROBABILISMUS. Historisch-kritische Untersuchung über die ersten fünfzig Jahre desselben. Von Albert Schmitt, S.J. Mit Gutheissung der kirchlichen Obrigkeit. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1904. Pp. 188. Price, \$0.50 net.

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS AND ADDRESSES OF THE FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION, St. Louis, Mo., July 12, 1904. Published by the Association: Secretary's Office, 212 East Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio. Pp. 196.

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEW YORK STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CARE OF CRIPPLED AND DEFORMED CHILDREN. For the year ending September 30, 1904. Hospital located at Tarrytown, N. Y. Albany: J. B. Lyon Co. 1904. Pp. 30.

PIE X. Le Conclave de 1903—Pie X intime—Le Nouveau Pontificat. Par Julien de Narfon. Paris: Ch. Delagrave. 1904. Pp. 355.

HISTORY IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS. By the Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. No. 9 of *Educational Briefs*, published by the Philadelphia Diocesan School Board. January, 1905. Pp. 30.

ALBRECHT DÜRER. Sein Leben, Schaffen, und Glauben, geschildert von Dr. G. Anton Weber, o. Professor am Kgl. Lyzeum Regensburg. Mit vielen Abbildungen. Dritte, vermehrte und verbesserte Auflage. Regensburg, Rom, New York, und Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1903. Pp. xii—236. Price, \$0.85 net.

CALIFORNIA AND ITS MISSIONS. Their History to the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. By Bryan J. Clinch. Two volumes: Volume I—Lower California; Volume II—Upper California. With Illustrations. San Francisco: The Whittaker and Ray Company, Inc. 1904. Pp., Volume I, 228; Volume II, 538.

LAST LETTERS OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY. With an Introductory Note by the Rev. John Gray. New York, London and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. Pp. ix—158. Price, \$1.50 net; by mail, \$1.60.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BROTHER AND SISTER. By Jean Charruau, S.J. Translated by S. T. Otten. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 381. Price, \$1.25 net.

FAITHFUL TO HIS TRUST, and other tales. By Mrs. Frances Chadwick. Fireside Tales by Catholic Authors. Volume VIII, Book 4. Published for the Benefit of Poor Deaf Mutes by the Rev. M. M. Gerend, President of St. John's Institute, St. Francis, Wis. 1904. Pp. 96.

THE RULERS OF THE KINGDOM, and Other Phases of Life and Character. By Grace Keon. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 270. Price, \$1.25.

MEINE REISE NACH SCHOTTLAND. Erlebtes, Reflexionen und Phantasien. Von C. P. Bruehl. Mit fünf Illustrationen. Munster i. B.: Verlag der Alphonsus-Buchhandlung (A. Ostendorff). 1904. Pp. 224.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal. *Why I Became a Catholic*, by Hon. Henry C. Dillon, Los Angeles, Cal. *The Inquisition*. An Essay. Extracted from Devivier's *Christian Apologetics*, edited by the Rev. Joseph C. Sasia S.J. Price, \$0.05. *A Simple Dictionary of Catholic Terms*, by the Rev. Thomas J. Brennan, S.T.L. Price, \$0.10.

O'ER OCEANS AND CONTINENTS with the Setting Sun. By Fiscar Marison. First Series. Chicago, San Francisco, Hawaiian Islands, Japan, China, The Philippines. Illustrated. Chicago: Calumet Publishing Company. 1904. Pp. xi—206. Price, cloth, \$1.50; morocco, \$2.00.

